THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

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The Gist of It

UP the railways, the irrigation ditches, the dusty roads of cotton lands the Mexicans came, and those who would turn to full length field studies of the regions canvassed in Professor Taylor's leading article (p. 135), will find them in his series of reports published by the University of California Press. In the midst of the depression, an ebb tide has set in and the jam in the border towns is appraised first-hand for Survey Graphic by Robert N. McLean, associate director of Spanish-speaking work of the Presbyterian Board of National Missions, who knows Mexicans through a constellation of neighborhood centers throughout the Southwest (p. 182). Mrs. Stephenson, an American journalist in Mexico City, similarly undertook a commission for us to follow them back to their home towns. Page 175.

Meanwhile Mary Austin envisions the horizons of our contacts with Spanish and Indian America, by way of the old trails by which New Mexico was settled three hundred years ago. Among the Colonials of that state we have harbingers of what this new-old element in American life may come to mean (p. 141). Mrs. Warren (Adelina Otero) brings us closer to her people (p. 149). And Frank Applegate, whose dusty Ford was known on every road in the mountain country round Santa Fe, interprets as no one else their arts and crafts. His winning book, Indian Stories from the Pueblos, was recently issued by Lippincott. Page 156.

THE author of Sons and Lovers, of the Plumed Serpent and Mornings in Mexico needs no introduction: by a rare stroke of fortune this manuscript was one of D. H. Lawrence's last writings and in "brushes of comets hair" he limns the great backdrop of the Indian spirit (page 153). The penetration of Spanish culture on the other hand, taking tangible shape in the architecture of the Southwest, is set forth by William Templeton Johnson, himself the architect of the Junipero Serro Museum at San Diego, which crystallizes it in enduring form. Page 158.

MAX HANDMAN, J. Frank Dobie and Robert H. Montgomery are outstanding members of the faculty group who have been making the University of Texas a center of social research. Mr. Dobie has made ranch life literature, his most recent book, Coronado's Children, The Southwest Press. Page 167. Mrs. Chase, the first home teacher appointed under the California law providing for instruction in citizenship for aliens, has worked for 15 years in a Los Angeles district principally inhabited by Mexicans. Her vivid story of Dona Soledad might well be dedicated to the suffrage movement. Page 161.

Manuel Gamio is a member of the Supreme Council of Social Protection and Prevention which carries out the provisions of the new penal code of Mexico. Author of Aspects of Mexican Civilization, of Mexican Immigration to the United States, his is the scientist's approach (p. 174) to the problems of migration and racial contact. Ernest Galarza speaks for the immigrant (p. 181); himself of Mexican birth, educated at Occidental College, Leland Stanford and Columbia, and for eight years spending his vacations in the beet fields, orchards and canneries of California. Chester Rowell speaks from a very different coign of vantage—regent of the University of California, member of state and national commissions. Page 180.

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE has added the desert crosses of New Mexico to the skyscrapers of New York as subjects for her luminous portrayal; Orozco's frescoes can be seen now at Pomona College and the New School of Social Research. Rivera is now in San Francisco painting his first frescoes "north of the Rio Grande"—and, who knows, may be off to Spain to interpret another Revolution.

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¿QUE TAL?

["How goes it?"]

Photographed for Survey Graphic by Ansel E. Adams

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THE SURVEY
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MAY 1, 1931

Volume LXVI
No. 3

Mexicans North of the Rio Grande

By PAUL S. TAYLOR

THE Mexicans are here—from California to Pennsylvania, from Texas to Minnesota. They are scattered on isolated sections along our western railroads in clusters of from two to five families; they are established in colonies in the agricultural West and Southwest which form, in places, from one to two thirds of the local population. They have penetrated the heart of industrial America; in the Calumet steel region on the southern shore of Lake Michigan they are numbered in thousands; in eastern industrial centers by hundreds. And they have made Los Angeles the second largest Mexican city in the world.

With the stoppage of European immigration and the increased labor demands of the war the trickle of Mexican immigrants enlarged to a stream which ran its course for a decade. In what follows, it should be understood that the statements about Mexicans refer to this whelming labor class migration, not to Mexicans, in general, nor to Mexican culture in Mexico. Variety and contradiction characterize the situations arising in different areas in the United States. There is hardly a statement I shall make, or an illustration I shall give but that its opposite has been observed, and a whole series of gradations in between.

TRADITIONALLY the growing of cotton connoted mud, mules and Negroes. Just so today the irrigation ditch stands for intensive agriculture, hand labor, and Mexicans. In Imperial Valley, California, they thin lettuce in the fall, and from December to March they cut it by hand for shipment so that the cities of the East may have fresh salads in mid-winter. From the middle of May to July, Mexicans with eyes keen to judge the ripeness of melons work under the hot sun at high speed, picking at fifteen cents a crate cantaloupes to be consumed by Chicago, New York or St. Louis. By mid-July the majority of the Mexican families have left for the grape harvest in the San Joaquin Valley.

In the Salt River Valley of Arizona, irrigated from the reservoir of the famous Roosevelt Dam, long staple Pima cotton has been grown on an increasing scale for the past fifteen years. Beginning in September some thousands of Mexican families annually are shipped in from California and Texas to pick cotton until January or February. In the spring many of these families drift away; others remain for the lettuce and vegetable harvest, and the cantaloupes which ripen just at the close of the season in Imperial Valley.

In the Winter Garden of south Texas, in November and December, Mexican men, women and children, on hands and knees, transplant Bermuda onions. With a short forked stick as a tool they make a hole, set the plant, and tamp it; they achieve incredible speed, and at from six to eight cents per acre row (157 feet), with plants three inches apart, they frequently earn $2 or even more a day. From January to March they cut spinach and carrots and tie them into bundles; in April and early May they pull onions, pile them into windrows, clip off the roots and tops with a sheep shears, grade and crate them.

In central, west and south Texas, the westward movement of cotton has been sus-

Now Is the Time to Take Stock

Mass immigration from Mexico has closed down. Hard times have tightened up an already rigid administrative restriction. What we have to reckon with are the fortunes of a permanent Mexican population, spreading fanwise from the Border throughout our South and central West. Like a human mitre, these men, women and children dovetail us to Spanish and Indian America, at the same time that our contacts south of the Border increase. Professor Taylor's studies under grant from the Social Science Research Council have taken him over the entire terrain of migration and settlement. No other man is so equipped to interpret the epic fact nor the challenge it lays on our capacity for understanding and on our ability to plan.

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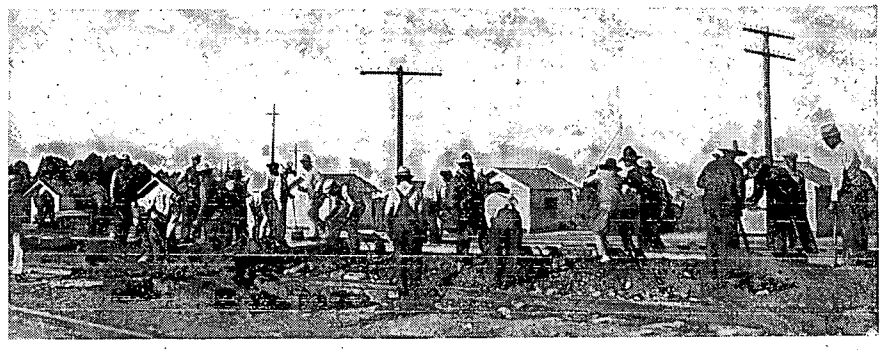
tained by Mexican labor. A line drawn from northwest of Corpus Christi on the Gulf, to San Antonio, thence northward through Austin to Dallas marks roughly the western fringe of the so-called black belt. West and south of this, Mexicans play the role in cotton traditionally played by Negroes. They are the tenant farmers—share-croppers on halves if they furnish only their labor and that of their families, with larger shares for themselves if they furnish teams, tools and seed. In this region there are white American

tenants too. They are in competition with the Mexicans for farms, and in the eyes of some landlords the lower living standards of the Mexicans are an asset in the competition. Said one proprietor of seven hundred acres of cotton land:

I would rather have Mexican tenants than either Negroes or whites. You can't tell the whites so well what to do. They think they are on an equality with you and they want to live in a house about like you do. They are always wanting better clothes and more provisions. The Mexicans have bigger families and more labor to get out a big crop. If the Mexicans learn English they don't work so well; if they get educated a little they don't make such good farm hands.



Left: Lettuce harvesters, Imperial Valley, California
Center: Track laborers, Arizona
Right: Transplanting onions with short forked stick, Winter Garden, Texas

A LARGE part, probably the majority, of the Mexican population is migratory. It is the most mobile element in our labor supply. It moves in seasonal cycles covering hundreds, even thousands of miles.

A Mexican family I met in south Texas during the onion harvest two years ago had come to the United States in 1920. Entering at Laredo, its working members began by grubbing brush to clear land near San Antonio. Shortly they set out (with the entire family, of course) for Belton, Texas. There they secured employment in a cotton-seed-oil factory where an uncle had preceded them. When work gave out they went to Fort Worth, and from there shipped to the beet fields near Billings, Montana. The next season they worked in sugar beets near Casper, Wyoming; wintered in Denver, and worked the following season in the beet fields of Colorado. In 1927 they "came out with $15 and an old car to Raton, New Mexico." When they got there they were broke; so they went to work in a local coal mine, and stayed for a year. In the fall of 1928 they drove to Texas, picked cotton until the season closed and followed the stream of laborers to the Winter Garden to try their luck at transplanting onions. The wanderings of individual Mexicans over a period of years may thus appear more or less erratic, but they usually follow one or another of the seasonal swirls.

The Southwest is the great reservoir of migratory Mexican labor. It winters there, or across the line in Mexico. Throughout the post-war years the pull of the labor market of Wyoming and Pennsylvania was felt on the *mesa central* of Mexico, six or eight hundred miles below the Rio Grande. On the river, El Paso, Laredo, and Nogales form a secondary tier of labor centers—gateways to the United States. Every spring from San Antonio, Fort Worth, Kansas City, Albuquerque, Phoenix, Los Angeles, and latterly from Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, Sacramento, and in smaller numbers from a score of other cities, Mexicans are gathered up by *los enganchistas* and shipped out for a summer's work on the tracks at from 35 to 40 cents an hour in Nevada, Dakota, Kansas, Illinois, Ohio, or Pennsylvania. For with the spring the railroads resume maintenance and construction work. Skeleton section crews are augmented, and large extra gangs of fifty, sixty or more Mexican *solos* are organized for special projects. These men live in the converted box-cars so familiar to all who travel, rolling from job to job, working in places remote or near, town or desert, strumming their guitars of an evening and singing their Mexican songs.

In May the sugar beets of the North need thinning—and the Mexicans of the Southwest are called upon to furnish their quota of hand laborers, as the German-Russians who preceded them are no longer immigrating. For this work families—families as large as possible—are wanted. They

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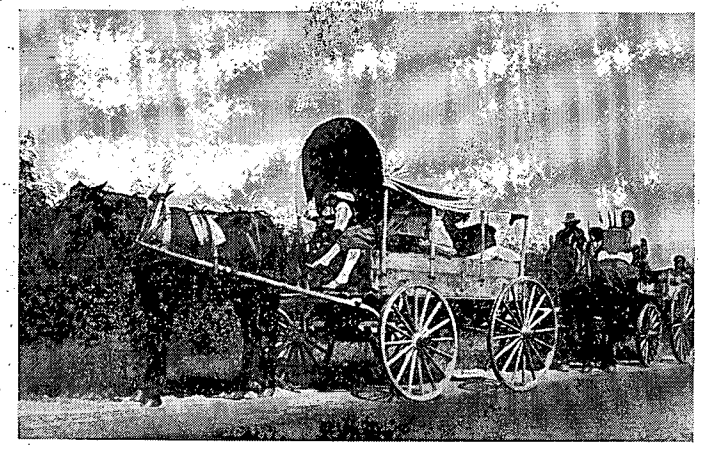
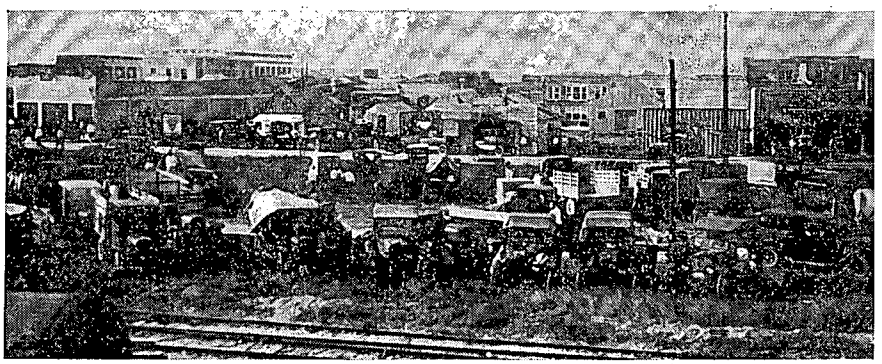
are transported by the train load to the Arkansas and South Platte Valleys and the Western Slope of Colorado, to Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Nebraska, Dakota, Iowa, Minnesota, and Michigan. When they reach the beet fields they are scattered out on the farms, each family under contract to tend its allotted fields at from $23 to $25 an acre. A single Mexican tends ten acres or more in a season; families contract two, three, or more times ten acres, depending on the number of workers (men, women and children) there are in the family. In May and June beets are blocked and thinned. Time presses, and hours are long, perhaps twelve on the average. Women and children help although the Mexican man does not work them so long or so hard as the German-Russians. In July and August there is hoeing, and in September comes topping, lasting through October and into November. The beets are loosened by a machine lifter, pulled up by the tops by hand, piled in windrows; the tops are struck off by blows with a large knife, and the beets are hauled away to dumps for weighing and thence to the factory where they are made into sugar. In the winter the tide of beet workers, like that of the railroad laborers, recedes. But an increasing number stay on, responding to the stimulation of beet farmers or of sugar companies who offer houses rent free, or opportunities to build in colony tracts. In the Valley of the South Platte, in northeastern Colorado, the number of Mexican families so remaining rose in six years from 537 to 2084. Other families winter in increasing numbers in the cities of the North. Many drift into industry, particularly in Detroit.





Right: Out from San Antonio
Center: Parked cars of the cotton pickers, Saturday shopping and holiday, Robstown, Texas
Left: On the way to the "Corpus" cotton patch

The maturing cotton crop puts wheels under Mexican labor in Texas. They come down the Rio Grande in late June and July to Brownsville to chop and pick the first cotton of the season. In July and August seemingly most of the Mexicans of the state converge on Corpus Christi. Here on the flat Gulf coastal plain huge tracts of land have been planted to cotton; the young fields have been "chopped," i. e., thinned by hoeing to a proper stand of plants, by Mexicans, and now await the army of pickers which from far and near mobilizes at "Corpus." They used to come by train and by wagon; now they come by auto and truck, loaded with camp equipment. As the cotton season opens in other parts of the state, the Mexicans move on. Guided by the United States Employment Service, by the experience of other years, by correspondence with farmers, and by their own grapevine telegraph, they take to the highways by single families, groups of families, or by caravans led by *contratistas* who know enough English and have sufficient initiative and experience to take the lead in finding employment and making labor contracts for the others. The contractor weighs the cotton in the field, and as he is paid by the bale, the more pickers in his gang, the more he makes. At San Antonio the stream of pickers divides. Some work westward with the cotton to San Angelo and Sweetwater. Others make their way northward by stages to Taylor and Waco, thence west to Dallas and across west Texas even as far as Amarillo in the Panhandle. By the latter part of the year the cotton of the state is harvested, and the cycle of migration is closed by the return of the Mexicans to the places they call home.

A similar flow and ebb recurs annually in California. In May the Mexicans move northward from Imperial Valley. They "follow the fruit," thinning apricots and peaches, advancing as the season advances. They are joined by those who have delayed in order to harvest the cantaloupes, and together with thousands of Mexicans from all over southern California they surge northward to practically all the valleys of the state. Most of them ascend the ridge of the Tehachapi and pour over into the great Valley of California. In cars of all makes and all ages, used Fords predominating, with the entire family inside and the wash-tub and lantern tied on outside, they move along the highways, stopping in the hot sun by the roadside to repair blowouts, on grades to let the engine cool, or under eucalyptus trees to camp for the night.

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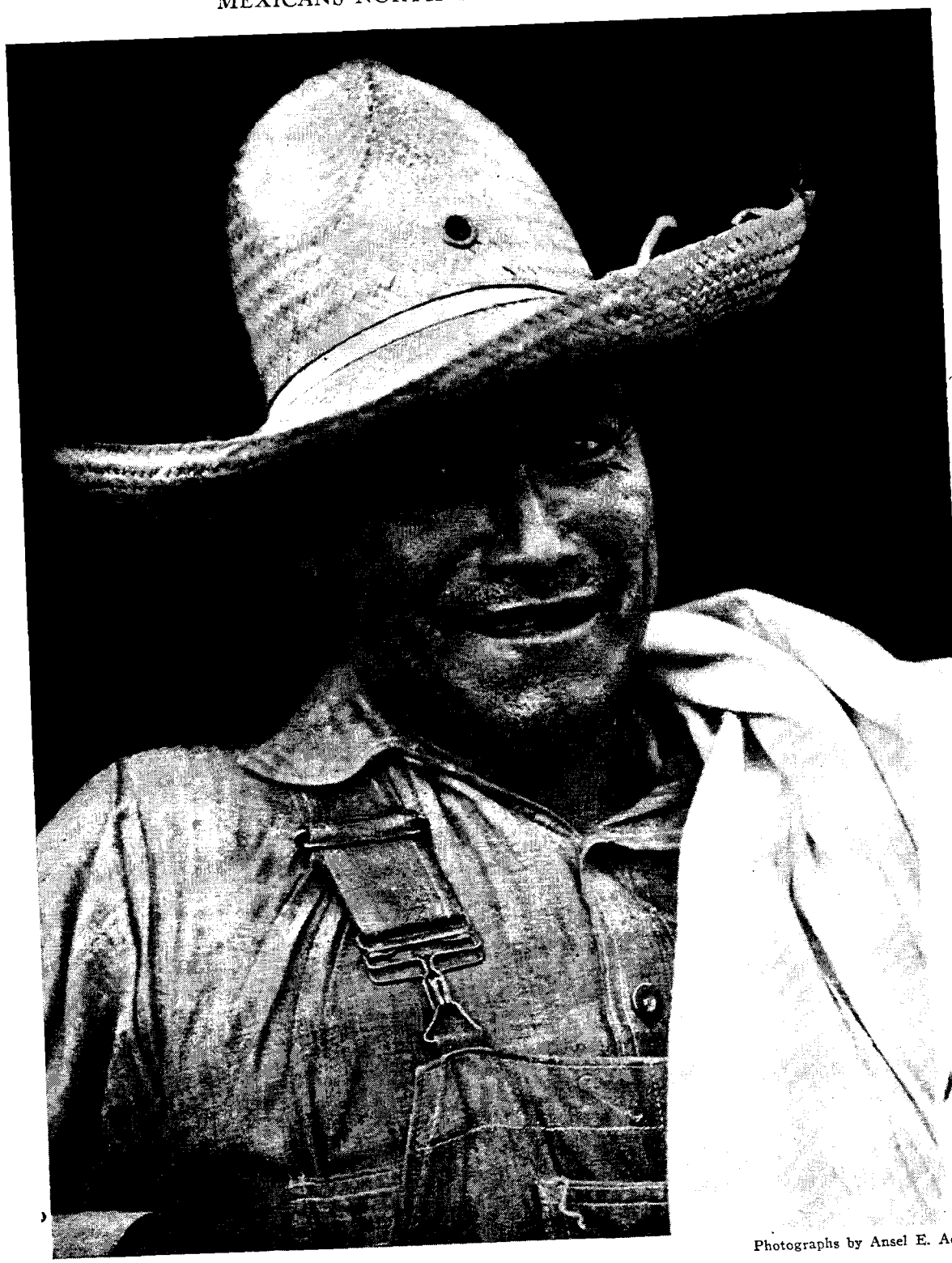

Photographs by Ansel E. Adams

THE MIGRANT MEXICAN

In cars of all makes and all ages, with the entire family inside and the wash-tub and lantern tied outside, he moves along highways whose history reaches back to Padre and Conquistador

From June to August the Mexicans are busy thinning fruit; then picking fruit. They work in the San Joaquin Valley, around Bakersfield, Hanford, and Fresno, or they cross the Pacheco Pass to Hollister and Gilroy; they invade the Santa Clara Valley at the southern end of San Francisco Bay, and tongues of the flood pass on northward to the Napa Valley above the Bay, and up the Sacramento Valley into the northern interior of the state.

In late August the grape harvest, centering in Fresno, sucks into its vineyards Mexicans who have been dispersed in the fruit, together with fresh recruits from over the ridge to the south, some even from the states lying southeast of California. Mexicans, Japanese, Filipinos, "whites" from California, Texas and Oklahoma, a few Indians from the mountains, and Negroes, and still fewer Chinese and Hindus all enroll in the army of pickers which strips the vines. In the orchards under the fruit trees, down on the river banks, by the roadside or in the town park, in tents on the ranches

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California and Arizona compete with the Old South, the Mexican peon with the Negro cotton picker

"Beyond the Tracks": children of a Mexican settlement. California leads in bringing education to them

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of their employers, with or without tents elsewhere—sometimes as well without because of the heat—with or without water and sanitary facilities at hand, amid clouds of flies, you can see them preparing their *tortillas* and *frijoles* over open fire places or on portable stoves, and heating large galvanized iron tubs of water in which to do the family washing.

By the end of September, leaving a large nucleus to finish the grape harvest, the pickers begin to scatter. Many return to Los Angeles and southern California for urban employment, and for the walnut and citrus harvests; others return to Imperial Valley for the on-coming lettuce season or for cotton picking. The expansion of cotton in the San Joaquin Valley extends the season of employment in that region, and with the additional attractions of weather-proof housing and school facilities which are increasingly provided, operates to increase its year-round Mexican population. But most of the tide which moved across the Tehachapi recedes southward during the fall, and winters in southern California. In February, probably 80 per cent or more of the Mexican population of the state is found there.

THE American public has known that, since the war, Mexicans have been playing an important role in these hand labor operations of our modern agriculture, but it has been less generally realized that important nuclei of Mexican immigrants are found in the industrial centers of the Middlewest and the East. The largest employer of Mexican labor I came across in my field studies is located on the southern shore of Lake Michigan.

Here the Mexicans followed the immigrant European and even the migrant Negro. Most of them are still on the lowest rung of the ladder,[1] but appreciable numbers are rising to the ranks of the semi-skilled, some drawing wages of $6 and $7 a day. They show capacities seldom attributed to them by their agricultural employers. Mexicans entered the basic industries of the Chicago-Calumet region during and just after the war. With the economic slump of 1921 they almost disappeared from industrial payrolls in the North. A return movement set in strongly by 1923, stimulated by labor recruiting in the Southwest, and it is these recruits, in common with the general run of wage-earners in the northern centers, who have been caught in the present unemployment. Mexicans form a large proportion of track laborers of the Chicago-Calumet area; signs in Spanish advertising track work are general on Canal and Madison Streets and Mexicans are conspicuous among those sauntering by, or loitering before offices, who are fair game for the "man-catchers." They form an important element in the common labor supply of the steel mills, rising in one case to 30 per cent. To a less extent than in steel they are found in the packing industry. In considerable numbers Mexicans work in Michigan, not only in the beet fields, but in the automobile and other industries of that state. Small out-post colonies of two hundred, four hundred, or perhaps more each are scattered through the principal steel centers as far east as Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey.

THE story of Mexican labor in the United States might almost be told from the types of housing which characterize its settlements. I am not referring to the pathology of housing—all too often the laborers are poor, and their houses in accord with their purses; their families are large and their houses crowded—but I am speaking of the anatomy of housing.

Close along the border—not generally, but in some of the by-ways of south Texas, along the Rio Grande, in a place or two in Imperial Valley, one will find grass huts, which add the charm of the sub-tropical to an American landscape. Perhaps the house is made of mesquite, mud-plastered on the inside, its rough surface carrying the marks of the sweep of the hand of the *peon* and his wife who built it in two weeks time, ten years ago. It is roofed with grass or *tule* sewed to the rafters; the light, bark-covered timbers of the frame are bound together by strips of cactus which harden and hold like buckskin thongs. The floors are of dried mud, swept clean. Here are people migrating, and figuratively, like the turtle, carrying their distinctive culture pattern with them in the housing over their backs.

More widespread are the earth-brown adobes of El Paso Valley, New Mexico, and Arizona, almost indigenous to those parts of the Southwest, literally growing up out of the soil. Clusters of them have appeared farther north in the past few years, where the beet-workers—Mexicans from Old Mexico, and Spanish Americans from New Mexico—have erected them with their own hands in the Arkansas and South Platte Valleys of Colorado. There they stand in rows, out in the midst of the fields, mute, but eloquent evidence of the penetration of Indo-Spanish into North-European culture.

Thinning sugar beets, Colorado

Most of the housing of Mexican laborers, however, is not culturally so distinctive. Its class character is clearer, located in the poorest parts of town and crowded on small lots usually relieved by flowers in the yard. At the start, they may resort for building materials to flattened oil cans, cardboard cartons, lumber

(*Cont. on p.* 197)

[1] Figures on wages and earnings refer to 1928 or 1929 when I was in the field; in many instances they doubtless have fallen since that time.

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Mexicans and New Mexico

By MARY AUSTIN

Block Prints by Dorothy N. Stewart

MEXICAN immigration into what is now New Mexico began in the early part of 1598. Up to this time there had been only exploring parties and from the earliest times there must have been expeditions of trade across the invisible Border which had but one fixed point, the Ford of the Rio Grande near El Paso. Espejo, in the middle of the sixteenth century, reported finding knives and other articles of metal in the New Mexico pueblos, which could only have come from the Spanish settlements south of Chihuahua.

The first Mexicans who came to stay came with the first adventure of colonization, with the *Adelantado,* Don Juan de Oñate, who had married the granddaughter of Cortez and Montezuma and who with great pomp and ceremony took possession of the country in April of 1598 in the name of the King and all the Blessed Personages, under the patronage of the Seraphic Father San Francisco. They came as muleteers, as packers and camp attendants, as herdsmen and drivers of the vast baggage trains and droves of cattle of Oñate's *entrada.* They were themselves driven by much the same urge which sends their kinsmen across the Border today.

That first lot of immigrants with Oñate were chiefly Tlascalans, from the middle region, and natives from northern states picked up in passing. In Santa Fe when the men walk bare-headed in the procession on Corpus Christi day, you can still see in the skull shapes and features what tribes of old Mexico contributed to the new province, Aztecs, Tlascalans, Chihuahueños, Tarahumares. They came and went, with the settlers, with military detachments, with the great *conductas* of trade along the old Chihuahua trail, and they married freely with the native Indians of New Mexico.

OÑATE, when he had established his capital at Santa Fe, settled his Tlascalans across the river, where there was already the small Tewa pueblo of Analco; where now stands the ancient Church of San Miguel, probably the oldest religious foundation in the United States, close by the "oldest house," in what became known as the Barrio Analco. This was the first Mexican quarter north of the Border, and it retained that character until long after the American occupation. As late as the latter part of 1800 there were families living there who claimed a tradition of unbroken residence from pre-colonial times.

The course of settlement in New Mexico followed, in little, the history of settlement in Mexico, less violent, longer drawn out. There were successive influxes of colonists, scions of great Spanish families holding feudal grants, bringing with them, at first direct from their ancestral homes, small retinues of servants, useful craftsmen; there were respectable tradesmen to whom grants were made in commonalty *"villas real,"* for the founding of towns. Throughout the whole period of colonization small grants were freely made to individual settlers, civil servants, soldiers whose terms had expired, anybody who could muster a little political influence at home. There is reason to think that at first settlement was direct from Spain, but later the country filled slowly with disappointed gold seekers from the cities of Mexico, deracinated descendants of the Spanish-Mexican politicians. There was, however, enough uncontaminated Spanish blood to give the dominant Spanish tradition to the social life of the Colonies; at the same time there went on, at the lower levels of population, the fusions of Spanish peasants, Moorish slaves, Mexican and New Mexican Indians, which produced the peon class of old Mexico itself. There was, first of all as a factor in amalgamation, the Spanish practice of impressing pueblo labor to the service of the settlements when required, a factor which, even with the safeguards which the Church strove to throw about it, was the occasion of many admixtures. There was the practice of enslaving Indian captives taken in the raids of the nomadic tribes, Navajo, Ute, Comanche. And there were marriages of ex-service men to pueblo maidens which the Church encouraged, as well it might, for the Tewa and Keres women were comely, housewifely, modest and nominally Christian. They made on the whole as good wives as the hard-boiled *soldados* of the Army of the Americas could have hoped for at home.

Where permitted the invaders seem to have settled in the very towns of the Indians, and however much this might have been actuated by fear, fear of loneliness, of marauding nomads, or

"For better or worse," writes Mrs. Austin, "Spanish and Indian elements are indissolubly entered into the American future." Life-long student of Indian folkways that she is, instigator of the revival of Spanish and Indian arts at Santa Fe, Mrs. Austin interprets their portent against the background of the Colonials of New Mexico, whose history reaches back to before Plymouth Rock and the James River. She tells of arts and aptitudes and social organization, and we see Boulder Dam for example from a fresh angle against the communal life of the ancient Southwest.

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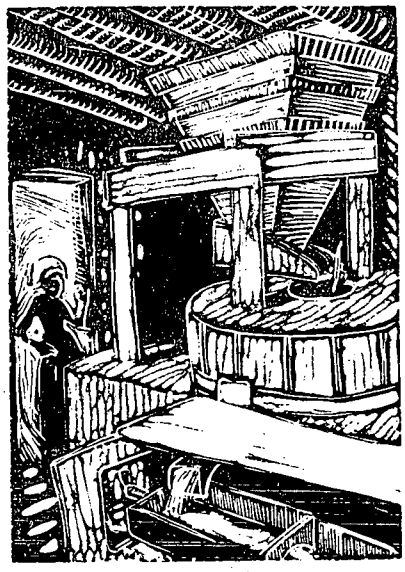
by greed of the lands already cleared, ditches built, Missions established, there must have been at work secretly something of the *meztizo's* hunger to reestablish his inheritance by merging his half-caste condition in the pure blood. By degrees which are lost, or purposely blurred, many Indian towns were in the course of a hundred years or two completely absorbed. Abiquiu, which was for many years "coyote," that is to say a refuge for broken casts, Ranchos de Taos, half a dozen settlements from Isleta south, Cordoba, formerly San Antonio de Quimado, within recent years Pojoaque, have passed, and now Picuris and Sandia, are passing into the nondescript class which can not be distinguished by the stranger from the same class at present drifting across our borders from old Mexico.



In the Molino

Such distinctions as exist are largely the result of having lived in direct contact with modern American standards and ideas. And even that does not mean so much as we like popularly to suppose, for the Americanos, when they came, behaved as always toward cultures and aptitudes other than their own; despised the idealism they displaced, discredited its accomplishment, made of the New Mexican's unfamiliarity with our catch-as-catch-can economics, an excuse for fleecing him. For a generation or more they practiced against him all the impositions, both political and economic, which we publicly insist unfit him for our way of life. All these things fell most heavily on the class under discussion, the class of mixed blood and unclassified economic capacity. The small group of relatively uncontaminated Spanish have adjusted themselves not too disadvantageously to American life; the middle "business" class is slowly emerging from the long eclipse of an unprotested political alignment. It must be understood that the rest of this article concerns itself solely with the majority of Spanish speaking New Mexicans who are affiliated by inheritance and economic outlook with the immigrant Mexican of today.

THE manner of life in the Colonies was at first not distinguished except by its pioneer quality, from the social life of Spain. The great landed proprietors established themselves in the midst of their servants and artisans, in a manner as feudal as could be managed. There was an *hacienda* with its enclosed *patio* for the *patrón,* and contiguous to it, rooms and *patios* for the servants, two or three such, according to the estate, opening each into the other, and finally into walled enclosures for the domestic animals and the herdsmen. Often there was a *torreon* near the entrance for outlook and defense, pierced for the *arcabuceros.* In later times, when the raiding tribes had been subdued, about the middle of the eighteenth century, the house of the *haciendado* was two-storied, including *salas* for dancing, and extending itself by wings as the sons of the family brought their brides home. Every such estate was self contained, manufacturing its own utilities. Every landholder shared with every other the impressed labor of the Indians at ploughing, shearing and harvest, a type of labor which after the revolt of 1680 was handled cautiously. They shared too, according to their means, in the raids and reprisals which kept the settlements reasonably supplied with captive slaves, and in the semi-annual trade *conducta* to Chihuahua. On up to the time when goods began to come in from the East over the Santa Fe trail, trade caravans well supplied with packers and muleteers and armed escorts, went down across the Border with buffalo skins, hides, tallow, *serapes,* a coarse woolen cloth called yerga, cotton blankets from the pueblos, gold, silver, turquoise, horses; coming back with sugar, medicine, silk, fine linen, ladies' shawls, combs, crockery; whatever the country lacked. It was obligatory on any young man contemplating marriage to make at least one *conducta* for the purchase of the bride's trousseau and one raid to the Navajo country to supply her with a personal maid.

Many little towns in New Mexico sprang from the congregation of workers on the great *haciendas;* woodchoppers, *tortilla* makers, weavers, dyers, leather workers, saddle makers, blacksmiths, adobe makers, carpenters, sheep-herders, *vacqueros,* plowmen, and the host of house servants, as the leisurely way of the country required.

In the *villas reales,* the chartered towns, life was varied by the presence of civil and military officials, a small merchant class, and the parish church. Usually the great estates sustained private chapels, and visiting friars. In the towns which made themselves, insinuating themselves into the lands and the plazas of Indian pueblos too small for organized resistence, there were not infrequently *conventos* and schools, for the part that the missionary ardors of the Franciscans played in the colonizing of New Mexico must not be overlooked. These gave a feeling of spiritual security in a land overpoweringly vast and terrifyingly beautiful, to an agricultural, village type of emotionally insecure *meztizos.* Even in the purely rural districts, the land grants were so arranged as to bring the farm houses into reasonable communication. Out of such conditions and in this manner, slowly the valleys of the Rio Grande and the *cañadas,* the *cienegas* and *rincons* of the Sangre de Cristo mountains, filled with a population in which the laboring class was such as I have described.

Only one other item in their history, for the influence it may have had on later Americanization, is deserving of mention. New Mexico, holding directly from the Crown, never felt any great dependence upon Mexico, so far away, so little known. After Mexico declared her independence of Spain, an affair which echoed remotely in the isolated towns of the Sangre de Cristo, there was little intercommunication except what was involved in the payment of official salaries and the collection of taxes. About that time too, there began to be a thin thread of communication with the English speaking settlements along the Mississippi. The people of New Mexico never *felt* particularly Mexican, never liked to be called Mexicans; they like it now less than ever. They are "native New Mexicans," in fact and allegiance. They do not even like to be called Spanish-American. During the late war they found a new name for themselves. "We old American families," they said, "feel that we ought to be the first to come forward," which they did with promptitude and gallantry. It was about this time that the term Spanish-Colonial to describe the New Mexican pio-

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neers and their works came into general use in the Southwest.

But we will have to go a little deeper than that to uncover the source and the manner of the native New Mexican acceptance of allegiance to the United States. Something of course is owed to their pioneer inheritance shared with all America; something to the Spanish genius for politics. But probably much more is owed to the Indian inheritance which makes it second nature to be directly, even emotionally, interested in the good of the whole, to be able to work better and more happily in groups than individually.

WHAT we have to deal with in the mixed populations of both old and New Mexico is an item that the American people can not face too soon and too completely, *the socio-political inheritance of communistic living.* Radicals who are enamored of communism, liberals who are disposed to give it—in Russia or other far off places—a fair trial, and conservatives who hold it anathema, all shirk a close up study of it as it is to be found next door, or even within our borders. They would all somehow prefer to think of it as a distant menace, or as a Utopian promise on the economic horizon, rather than what it is, a living factor in present day economic adjustments. From Central America, half way down the southern continent, and north into lower Colorado, among aboriginal American populations, economic communism has prevailed since a thousand years before the Conquest, perhaps longer.

As a constituent of economic form, based upon the indivisible utility of water for irrigation, communism came over into every pioneer settlement within the region described, and is a continuing factor—witness the Boulder Dam controversy—in all southwestern economic development. As a predisposing psychological factor it must be taken into account in dealing with Mexican-Indian labor. Such labor tends to think flock-mindedly, and to work better in a gang, cohering by a voluntary surrender of leadership, made visible in the person of the boss. And the same general pattern prevails in political realignments of these people. Party loyalty is instinctive; once they have accepted political leadership it is difficult to seduce them away from it. This is something our *Anglos*—the native term for the English speaking population—finds extremely irritating. Against this instinctive communal political bloc, neither spell-binding nor economic advantage is so potent as it is in the average American community. During the presidential election of 1928, although Spanish speaking New Mexico is ardently Catholic, it was necessary to play softly on that stop; it wasn't even to be hoped that religious prejudice would loosen the solidarity of party affiliations.

Americans unfamiliar with this habit of group-mindedness, call it corrupt. But it is not, in the sense that it can be bought and sold for money as political allegiance can be in New York or New Jersey or Illinois or any other center of hundred per cent Americanism. It is, in this respect, the most un-American trait of the group in question. That this tendency to flock-mindedness would expose them to political exploitation in our large industrial cities where Mexican immigrant labor is in demand, is probable. Yet it does not work that way altogether in New Mexico, for in an economic environment which they thoroughly understand, the group mind is likely to be thoroughly alive to its own interests as it is among Indians.

The Herd Fording

In as much as it permits of the utilization of large units of labor under competent direction, in a more compact manner than is possible where a greater degree of individualism prevails, I cannot see that the Mexican type of group-mindedness is wholly disadvantageous to an industrial civilization. Is it not an increasing need of our vast aggregations of mechanized industries that there should be self-cohering groups, cohorts of hands, accustomed to be handled as units, capable of being thrown, as an army is thrown, regiment by regiment into the breaches made by modern invention in the economic environment?

I believe that it is, and that if we could rid ourselves of several fetishistic ways of thinking to which our own civilization is committed—as for example the fetish of group-mindedness as somehow inferior to individualism; or of the necessity our industry is under to think of profits first rather than of community advantage—we should see it so.

There is another aspect of this type of communal mindedness which accounts for the least understood and—to the hundred per center—most affronting trait of the Mexican. I refer to the capacity of the individual mind steeped in two thousand years of communism, to find its satisfactions in communal rather than in the *individual expression of economic conquest.* I underline a phrase to mark so complete a reversal of our own practice that few Americans are capable of understanding it. For American Indian communism has accomplished for the tribes, what the Communist Party seems to be trying to do in Russia; it gives to everybody a share in the common gain and the common leisure, and succeeds in preventing the formation of a middle class. Under communism in Mexico, everyone had land and the opportunity to find self-expression in things *made.* There was no group who found, or tried to find, expression in the *possession of things.* Even yet, with all the three hundred years of Spanish oppression, Mexican cities are characterized, as were the ancient cities of Yucatan, by notable public buildings, by superb monuments, by magnificent communal festivals, and by shockingly inadequate private housing, by an almost total want of private accommodation. The children of communism have wantlessness for their inheritance. The Mexican peon, once his pride of race is appeased by temples and pageants and general civic ostentation, wraps his *serape* around him and lies down on the ground to sleep. He makes a few necessary utensils, and makes them beautifully, pots, fabrics, baskets. The people release themselves in songs and dancing, in the making of pottery and manners; but the satisfaction is in the making, not the owning.

Something of this state of holy poverty is in the corresponding class of unclassified labor in New Mexico, except that it has always been less colored here by the bitterness of oppression, than it is south of the Border. The New Mexican laborer has a good house, even as the New Mexican *puebleño,* his remote ancestor, had; well constructed walls, rooms commodious

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and of good proportion, and comfortable fireplaces. Such homes are almost invariably scrupulously clean. Both by Indian and Spanish inheritance, the worker's wife is industrious and orderly. Her underclothing is clean and more often than not exquisitely made, even when of the coarsest material. There are always beds, usually well supplied with bedding, even when not always slept in. In the remote mountain villages there still obtains the notion that it is a little effeminate for a man to remove his clothing and climb into bed every night. It has happened that I have more than once found a whole family sleeping contentedly on the floor around a clean piled bed, which is reserved for guests and sickness. When one is so ill that bed becomes a necessity, then it is time to send for the priest. But this condition is less prevalent now than it was ten years ago. One now finds the thrifty laborer's family not only supplied with complete bedroom sets, but with cook stoves as well.

In the towns where wages are better and shops more accessible, there will be phonographs, radios, second-hand cars, all the house furnishings that are found in workingmen's houses elsewhere. This is what I mean when I say that the chief distinction between unskilled labor in New and old Mexico, is that north of the Border, the worker's wantlessness has been to some extent mitigated by the American craving for the possession of things. To *own* things; whether or not the things are useful or beautiful, merely to have and to hold and to express one's ego in the measure of possession; that is the first step in the progression of American labor toward bourgeois security. In New Mexico one is able to see what has been paid for it.

The first thing that has happened is that there has been a lessened capacity for making things, individual products of the hand and the spirit working coordinately. I will come to that a little more in detail presently. The second item in the cost of Americanization, is that there is no gain in the private control of utilities that, by the old rule of communism, would naturally come under the head of public utility. There are few private, and no public baths; household water supplies are a hazard, open privies constitute a public nuisance, the simplest door stone is all that keeps the mud from the floor. There is no effort, either private or communal, toward efficiency in the use of natural resources. Several years ago there was a severe epidemic of influenza moving up and down the whole Spanish-Indian country, singularly fatal to these simple people who had established no immunity to it, and were defended by no policy of public health. One of the nurses, loaned by a neighboring state, complained to me that in the little mountain towns she had always the greatest difficulty in keeping her patients warm through the night. In vain she tried to have wood enough cut to keep the fireplace supplied for the dark hours, but nobody could be persuaded. Three or four times in the night she would have to rouse somebody to go out and cut two or three armfuls, and lie down, only to be called again and again. No one complained of this necessity; wood is always cut as needed and in no other fashion. Her American interpretation was that the people were careless and lazy. But that is not borne out by more intimate knowledge. Wood is a natural common possession; it is always accessible, as accessible as earth and water. In the old days, before the American arrived—and it was so in Mexico—when a man found a rich mineral vein, he called his neighbors who came with baskets and carried away what they could. That was how it was with the turquoise mines of the pueblos; they were the common possession of the town on whose land they were found. It has always been difficult for these native peoples to acquire any but a tribal sense of ownership and use in the earth, our mother. One does not store up the services of his mother to his private profit; he asks and receives.

MODERN Americanism which, in the Southwest at least, is much more communistic than many people will admit, has learned to make a common attack on natural resources by way of the intelligence; substituting the specialized intellection of the trained engineer for the old subconscious approach. The peon has not yet learned to make that approach, *consciously*. The thing that is going on in Mexico today is largely the attempt to approach the economic problem consciously, instead of subconsciously, *without altering its scope and direction;* to make the necessary transfer of emphasis from the old submerged sense of the good of the tribe to the enlightened scientific conviction of communal participation.

The question of what happens to Mexican labor visiting in the United States, is as vital to this problem as any other; it can not be considered apart from the discussion of what has happened to a similar class of labor which has been living in the United States.

And that brings us to the consideration of what can be done for peon labor by deliberate schooling. It was in the study of what is, and is not, being done with our Spanish speaking labor in the Southwest that I first began to be forcibly struck with a curious inconsistence of American practice. We seem always to have been urgently in pursuit of "cheap" labor, and always sedulously concerned in turning that labor as soon as we have it, into the most expensive article. The cost of labor to the country, is primarily the cost of producing a laborer. If we have to make at the same time a citizen of him, especially if we have to make a certain standardized type of citizen of him, the cost of his part in that making must be added to his wages. He is cheap to us so long as he is practically wantless, so long as he is satisfied to express himself in making and being, rather than in possessing; so long as he lives cheaply, and reproduces plentifully. At present the peon fulfills all those conditions. But if we teach him that the chief obligation of Americanization is keeping up with the Joneses, he is no longer cheap. A few years ago at Santa Fe you could get unskilled native labor for $2 a day. Now you pay the same man from $2.50 to $3; and for skilled native labor you pay from $6 to $9, only a dollar or two less than you pay for "white" skilled labor. The difference in the price is, by and large, the distinction in the quality of the labor. There *is* a distinction.

The distinction we have to deal with can't be stated in terms of intelligence tests. The testimony of school teachers is that up to the age of fifteen, or thereabouts, the native children are as "bright," learn as fast, and with apparently as much pleasure as any other children. It is at adolescence that the racial inheritance rises to bind them to the patterns of an older habit of thinking. And in this our educational system fails them, being based as it is on an educational fallacy which has not been seriously entertained by any expert educator for a generation. Our system goes on taking for granted that every public school child can and should take on the intellectual pattern of the orthodox university graduate. This is a pattern that was never learned by the ancestors of the children we are (*Continued on page* 187)

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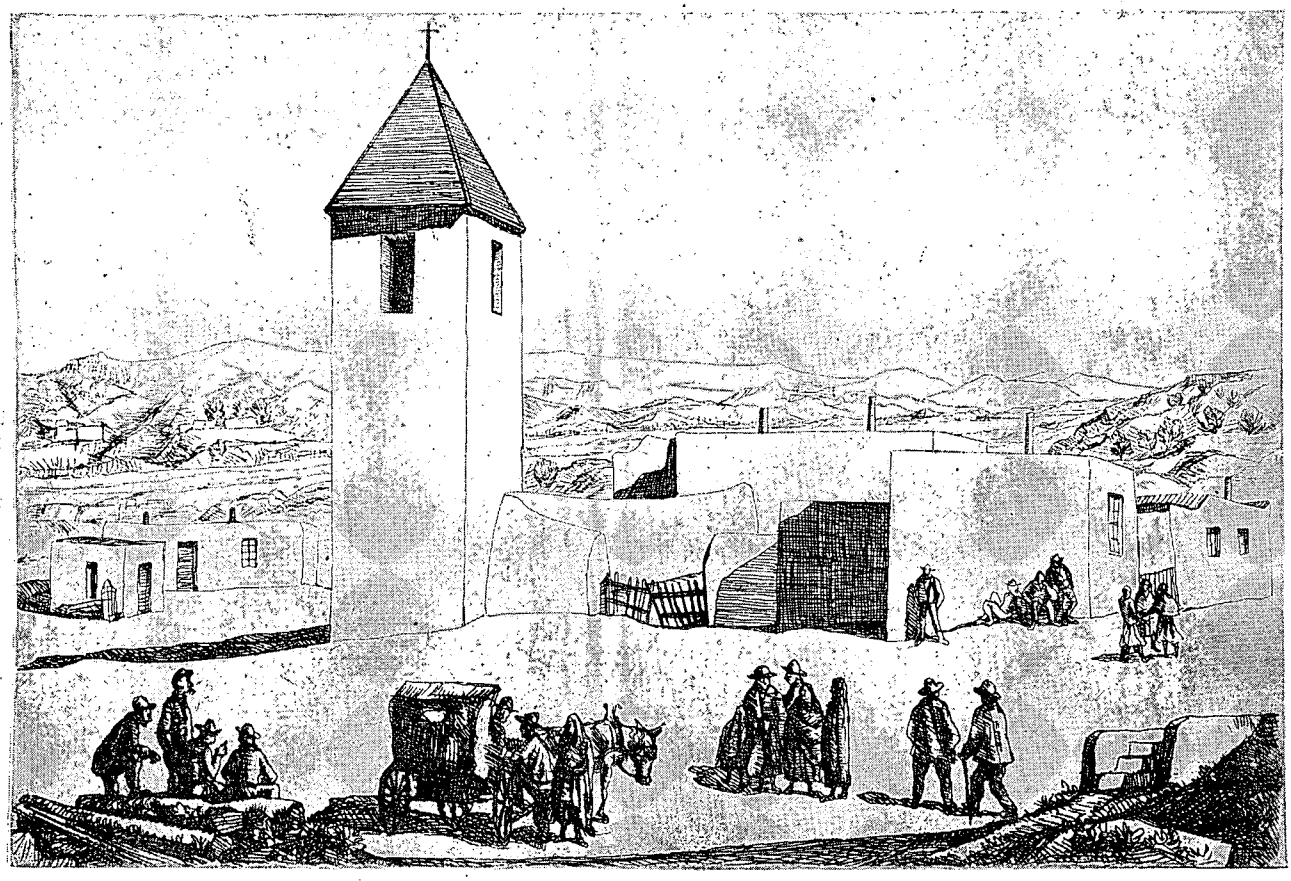

CHIMAYO

The Colonials

Etchings by B. J. O. Nordfeldt

THE descendants of the most ancient of immigrants to the U.S.A. are here interpreted by an artist whose heritage comes from a newer wave of immigration. Mr. Nordfeldt was born in Sweden, came to America at the age of thirteen, worked through from printer's devil on a Swedish newspaper in Chicago to the Art Institute where he studied by day and worked at night to win several years of study in France, England and Sweden. Back in New York he began to etch, while a later year or two in Italy, Spain and Tangier fixed his love for color. He has traveled from Provincetown to Brittany from Chicago to Paris, everywhere recording on canvas and on copper plate, places, people, the contemporary human scene. In Santa Fe he came into intimate contact with the Mexican Colonials, and from these contacts have come his surest etchings, his most vibrant paintings. "He chooses Mexican types as the vehicle for his theories in art and a strange thing happens; for all his modernist austerity, for all his holding himself to a problem, he gives us a primitive, emotional statement of those people that is sometimes intense with tragedy, always tense with life."

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MAN FROM ARROYA HONDO

PAULA MONTOYA

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WOMAN FROM CHIMAYÓ

ALVINO ORTEGA

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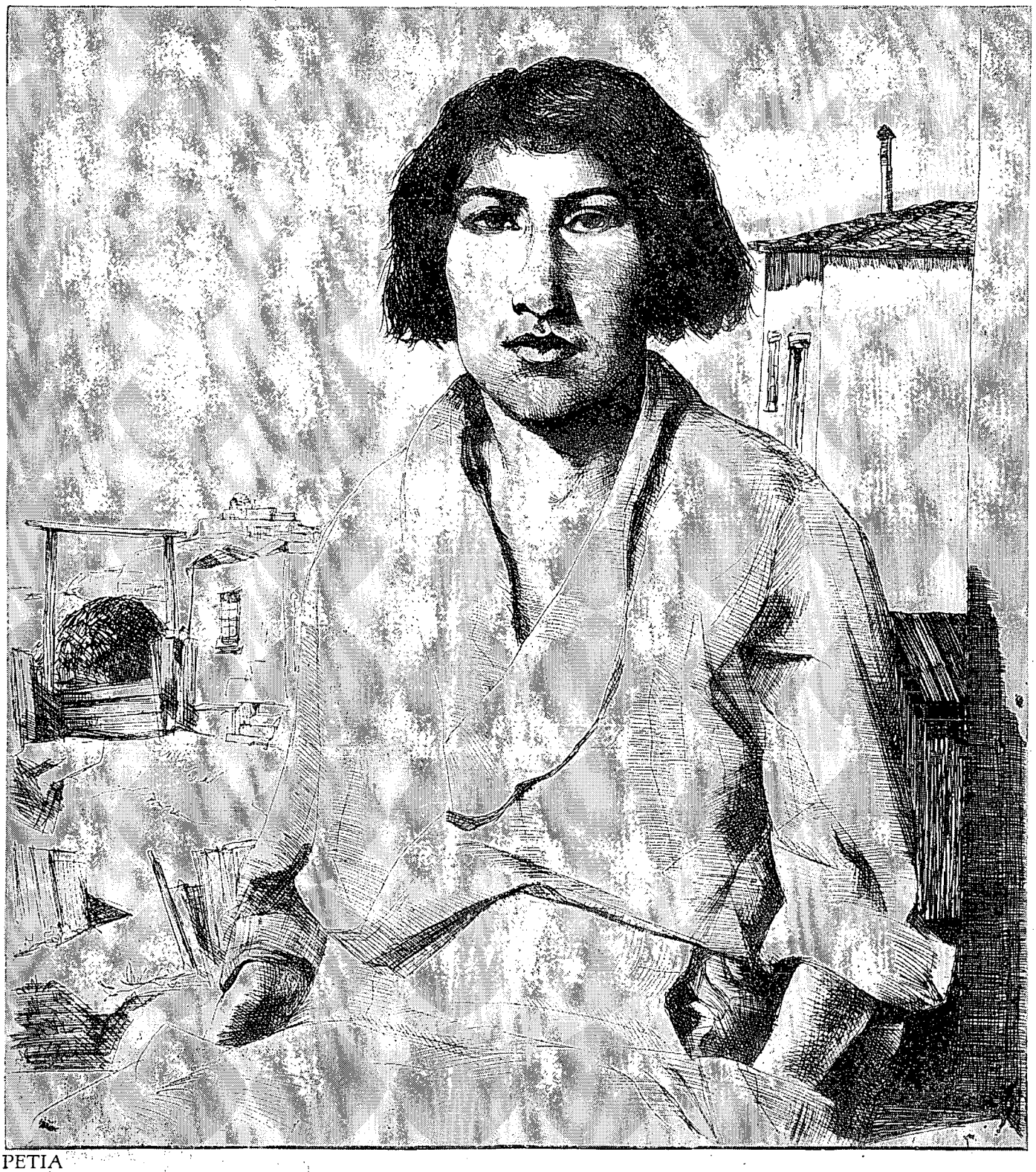

PETIA

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My People

By ADELINA OTERO

THE spell of my country? Perhaps it is the beauty of it all. To some it is the sunset of a fall afternoon, bathing a little community in its afterglow; turning the vivid yellow of the aspen trees to gold; the red-brown of the scrub oak to bronze; and dark, in the midst of these, the piñon trees. As the sun disappears behind the mountain in the west, its crimson glow is reflected on the snow-covered range in the east. My people watch this with reverence. *"Sangre de Cristo!"* (Blood of Christ) they call these mountains, so named by the early Franciscan missionaries.

Many persons believe New Mexico is a region of plains. But it is in the northern part, into the fertile valleys of the Rio Grande, back into the mountains and their canyons, that my work, as county superintendent of schools, takes me. Into Cundiyo, situated eight thousand feet high in the Sangre de Cristo range, reached by a difficult road down *arroyos* and up over mountains until it seems that we are to climb Baldy, ten thousand feet above us. Here is a typical mountain community, entirely occupied by Spanish-Americans, a gentle, industrious, and intelligent people, brown-eyed and sun-tanned. The houses are flat-roofed, and are plastered with adobe of a warm, brown color which conforms to the earth around. Wherever possible, space has been cleared for gardens and little farms fed by a stream of crystal water. In the background are the high pines. It is the fall of the year. The crops have been gathered from the mountain canyons. The men and women work together. Corn is husked and separated; the blue for *tortillas* and *atole*, the white for flour. Both will be taken to the water mill at Nambe to be ground. The yellow pumpkins are placed on the roofs; the *chili*, redder than any sunset, is hung in strings from the *vigas* to dry, and later will be ground into *chili molido*. Apples are sliced and placed on boards in the sun.

Since the road was bad, the school nurse and I left my car at Nambe, the Indian village, and hired an Indian boy to drive us in his wagon to Cundiyo. There are so many wood roads, it is easy to lose the way, as we were to learn when we started back. Darkness comes upon us suddenly in the high mountains, like a curtain lowered to cover our eyes from too much grandeur! But we were fortunate. A moon rose over the range, shedding its white light upon the countryside. A breeze stirred the pine trees that they might give forth a fragrance and refresh their guests in the canyons,—*El refresco de la noche!* Suddenly I heard a man singing. I looked back and noticed that he was following us on horseback. It was Teofilo, one of the school directors.

I asked him,

"Teofilo, where are you going at this hour?"

"*Para* Santa Fe, Señora."

"To Santa Fe! It is thirty miles. You will not arrive there till late. Can I attend to your business for you?"

"No, Señora. No tenga pena." (Do not be worried.)

We drove on. Our Indian boy never saying a word; Teofilo just keeping us in sight. The moon, as it rose, gave us more and more light. At first the tall pines seemed like sentinels one is afraid to approach, but gradually they became more friendly and Teofilo began to sing:

Alli, en un bosque donde yo me hallo, solo se oye mi triste peñar. (In a forest where I find myself alone, I hear my sad thoughts.)

The melody of it, the pathos, *"Solo se oye mi triste peñar!"* The little Spanish community; the mountains; the moon; Teofilo's voice breaking the great silence. *La Hermosura de la noche!* We finally reached Nambe, and as I thanked and paid the Indian boy and got into my car, I noticed Teofilo was still following. He drew up to the car and addressed me.

"Are you all right, Doña Adelina?"

"Si, gracias."

"You will not have trouble with your car?"

"I think not."

"Well, then, *buenos noches, y Dio la cuide.* I shall return to Cundiyo. But, first would you be so kind as to mail this letter for me in Santa Fe?"

"But you are not going there yourself, then?"

Teofilo smiled, bowed, donned his hat, and rode off into the night. He had followed us for ten miles to see that we were not lost in the canyon! Yes, these are my people, my friends.

Not alone by grace of her deft ministrations as county superintendent of schools at Santa Fe throughout ten years can our author speak of "My People." When her mother, Doña Eloisa Luna became the bride of Don Manuel B. Otero, they united two of the most illustrious families from old Spain, whose holdings dated to 1695; leaders in the life of New and Old Mexico, judges, governors, captains under Cortez, the lines reaching back to noble houses of Castile and Aragon in the 13th century. The snapshot was taken during the last Santa Fe fiesta. The two Mexican musicians accompanied Mrs. Otero Warren in the Pasatiempo Parade.

IN the little community we had left—the teacher had called the school directors to meet with me that day, and the children proceeded to recite their lessons. As I listened I was thinking how to encourage them to preserve the arts, the customs, and the traditions of this New Spain in an effort to

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save its charm, which is its very life. This is an American school, giving those little children the same reading, writing and arithmetic which is taught in the Far West, the Middle West, and the East. One of the fundamentals of our American education is to train children for life. My people's children have been working at the side of the father and the mother since they were old enough to work—the boy at the plow, herding the sheep, or in the tin shop; the girl a practical exponent of home economics, helping to keep the home and caring for the younger children. A practical effort, theirs, to keep the child in his surroundings. The idea is that the son will inherit the little farm, the sheep, or the tin shop. The girl will become a home maker—the desire and custom of the Spanish-speaking women. I have been lenient about school attendance in the fall of the year since they must bring their children into the work in order to save their crops. It is difficult to get farm hands, even if they could afford it (which they cannot), and as their neighbors are busy with their own farms, there is no alternative. I mention this in an effort to get across a vital point. While I recognize the wonderfully organized educational system of the United States, might it not be beneficial to modify requirements and curricula in other ways?

If we could, for example, in New Mexico include in our rural school curriculum the old arts such as dyeing, blanket-weaving, tin work, needle work, and wood-carving, employing experts in these lines from the community, and give credits in the schools for this work as we do for reading, writing and arithmetic, we might then perpetuate something of lasting educational value for the people. Do you ask why we can not do this now? Because a teacher who has been given her teacher's certificate is not usually expert in these lines, and without such a certificate our laws say that no one may be paid for teaching. Further, if no credits are allowed for these subjects, we will not be able to accredit the students for promotion or for graduation, according to the educational standards of the state. I might add, in passing, that we can not permit the children to speak Spanish in the classroom, and the teachers are instructed to keep the children from conversing in it on the playground, thereby conforming to the national system of education!

But let me go back to the classroom where my twenty-six children from six to sixteen years were gathered. Having recited their lessons, I asked them what they would like to do next. They wanted to sing. It was their way of expressing pleasure at my being with them. (How often since then have I longed to express my joy in a similar way!) "We want to sing to you My Country 'Tis of Thee"—this to show me that they knew our national songs. Then a little chap, with eager brown eyes, asked: "May we sing *one* Spanish song?" And their voices rang out with real feeling in the rhythmical music of La Golondrina, which, according to a legend of our people, was sung by the king of Spain as he looked down on the Moorish siege of Granada:

Tambien yo estoy en la region perdido,
O, Cielo santo, y sin poder volar.
(I also am in this region lost,
O, blessed heaven, and unable to fly.)

Into this song went all the love of our natives for their ancestral land—a heritage from their Conquistador forebears. As Gabriela Mistral so beautifully expresses it: *"Una cancion es una respuesta que damos a la hermosura del mundo."* (A song is a response which we give for the beauty of the world.)

THE Spaniards made their first stand against the Indian early in the 16th century, and from that time until the territorial division, we had practically reigned supreme over New Spain. With annexation to the American republic, we became a part of *e pluribus unum!* With a people whose traditions and customs had been established for some four hundred years, whose temperament is to live and let live, it has been somewhat difficult to acquiesce in the new order, expressed in this instance in the present educational system. The appeal which I make to my people is this: that since the American Occupation in 1846, we have been American citizens, members of *another* great nation, and it is to our best interests that we become educated according to the standards of that nation. It has, for us, its distinct advantages, its definite protection.

Education, in its first sense, is the "leading out" of knowledge and capacities. It requires great skill and a gift to do this without aggressive or hasty imposition of new and unfamiliar ideas. This is especially true in the case of those to whom the "old order changeth." In spite of the tremendous acreage of unsettled and uncultivated land, of sparse population, New Mexico is advancing educationally. Our children are getting their diplomas in reading, writing and arithmetic. Yet we are overlooking their expression of beauty in the native arts and crafts which would be, were these incorporated into the curriculum, a definite contribution to the cultural background of this country.

VIOLA

By Kenneth M. Adams

MY visit to Chupadero takes me to Tesuque, a small village about six miles north of Santa Fe. Here I leave my car, and climb into Macario Jimenez' wagon. He has placed a chair in the back for me and over the road we go. We climb one hill after another, into one canyon, and up over a mountain to Chupadero. The schoolhouse comes in sight. The American flag is flying from a pine tree which has been brought down from the mountains. The bark and branches have been carefully cut off, and as carefully our great flag, on a regulation pulley, has been raised to the very top of this one-time sentinel of the hills.

Macario drives me over another mountain pass to Rio

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en Medio. On the top of this mountain, which is between the two communities, are more *descansos,* silhouetted against the blue sky. These are resting places where the people stop as they carry their dead to the grave. As we begin the ascent, I notice a procession going over the winding road. A wagon grinds its way ahead of a group of men. There are no women. The men are chanting. Macario tells me a young girl from Chupadero has died, and they are taking her to be buried in the church yard at Rio en Medio. The bell tolls in accompaniment to the chanting of the procession. *"Ese doble de campana, no es por el que se murio, sino para recordarme a mi que me he de morir mañana"* ("That tolling of the bell is not for the dead, but to remind me that I may die tomorrow"), says Macario softly as he watches them, with hat in hand. The coffin was a home-made one, covered with pink calico, a white strip making a cross on its lid. A man is driving the team sitting on the box seat, while a young man kneels at the coffin's head, holding a cross. The rest of the men, about a dozen in all, walk bare-headed behind the wagon. At the top of the mountain they halt and a *descanso* cross is erected. The procession winds on, taking the high road. The chanting dies out among the trees as they disappear into the mountains.

FELIPE *By B. J. O. Nordfeldt*

After examining the school at Rio en Medio, I visited Macario's home. His wife embraced me, as is the custom among my people, and then invited me to have dinner which had been especially prepared in my honor. It was a delicious repast: *Carne en arroz, frijoles con chile, tortillas, manzanas, secas hervidas, y café.* All of which on an American menu would have appeared as, meat cooked with rice, beans with chile, *tortillas* (which resemble American flap-jacks but are used as bread), and stewed dried apples. They have a small adobe house of five rooms, with rag rugs on the floor, a spotless home. One room was set aside as a *sanctuario,* or little chapel, where candles were burning that day in front of images of the saints and of Our Lord. The family meet together every evening, light the candles, and say evening prayers. A devout, religious people whose religion permeates each thought and action. As these people watch the snow on the Sangre de Cristo range, they feel that it is a sign from *Dios* that there will be water in the streams for their crops. "Why are we Catholics? Because we are Spanish," some of our people say.

On the long winter evenings I may see this same family sitting in front of an open fire-place; the father playing the guitar, the children the flute or the mouth harp, and the rest joining in with the sheer joy of singing:

Ay! ay, ay, ay canta y no llores,
Porque cantando se alegran, Cielito Lindo, los corazones.
(Sing and do not weep, pretty creature,
For singing makes the heart glad.)

I have schools in some of the old historical towns. In Santa Cruz de la Cañada, for example, one of the first four missions in the state, destroyed by the rebellion of the Indians against Spanish rule in 1680, and rebuilt during the reconquest in 1695. A school in Glorieta and Cañoncito, both situated at the entrance to Apache Canyon, called the Front Door of the East, on the old Santa Fe trail leading from Missouri to Santa Fe. At La Cueva (the cave); at La Joya (the jewel); in Chimayo, where the famous old *Sanctuario* is located—a place made famous by the purported appearance of the Blessed Virgin.

As I have told you, my people are a simple people. There are no complexities which harass us. We live—we love—we die. We laugh in joy and weep in sadness. We are superficial? Indeed, no. But there is an acceptance, a resignation, a logic, I might say, in our attitude toward life and living. An instance of this last occurred when I recently visited a home in Tesuque where a little child, one of my school children, was very ill. The doctor and nurse had reported a severe illness. I went early the next morning to inquire after the child, and the father met me at the door, not in grief, but in complete resignation. I asked,

"How is Teresita to-day?"

"Señora, my little girl is well now. She no longer suffers. God has taken her."

These and their kind then are the Spanish-American people of New Mexico who have found peace and contentment in the canyons and the mountain tops. A vigorous people with a background of culture, of loyalty. A sensitive people with high ideals, loving the solitude of the wilderness and fearing no danger. Whether it is in defense of America or war with Spain, we respond. We are avowedly citizens of the United States. There is no shirking of our suffrage responsibility. In times of national and state elections we go eagerly to the polls, for we love the political game. What, then, is to be the trend of education in New Mexico? Is it not a question of our gradual merging, of our assimilation, into this great nation, but at the same time of conserving our distinctive contribution through the preservation of the customs, traditions, the arts and crafts of the Spanish Southwest?

The Spanish era is probably the most colorful in the history of the United States, and I am wondering, as I write this, if this progressive and advanced republic has still time and patience for charm?

An appreciation of this charm in shown by the large and increasing numbers of *Anglos* who have come to New Mexico to live and who have learned to love it. I do not believe there is an *Anglo* who does not feel that unless he takes this country and the people to his heart—loving it, scars and all—that he is every happy among us. The moment he begins to resent any aspect of his life, we still remain foreign to him.

El sol va bajando sobre mi patria, pero ningun dia muere sin el mejor entendimiento de mi gente. (The sun is setting over my country, but no day dies without a better understanding of my people.)

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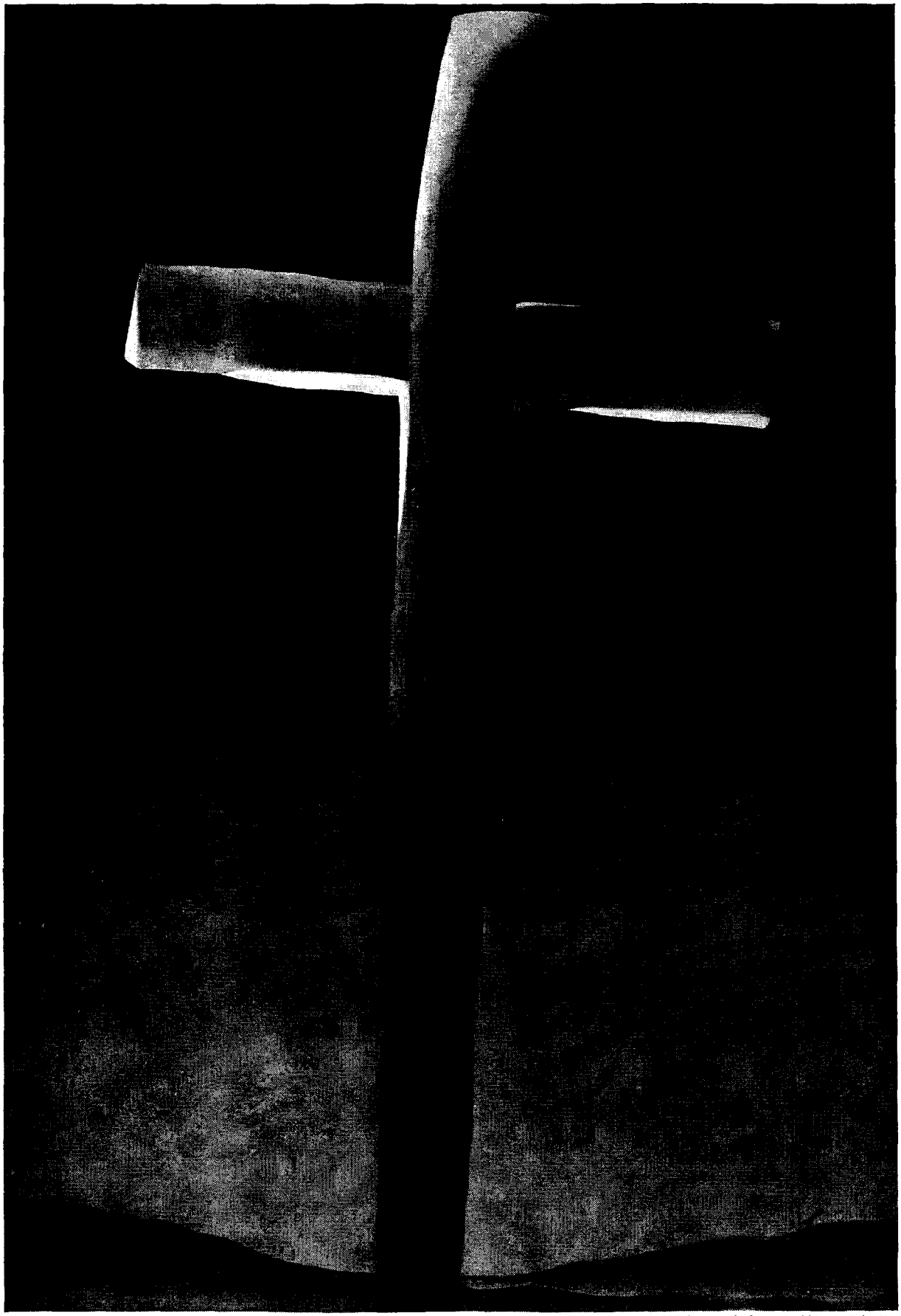

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CROSS

BY GEORGIA O'KEEFFE

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New Mexico

By D. H. LAWRENCE

SUPERFICIALLY, the world has become small and known. Poor little globe of earth, the tourist trots around you as easily as they trot round the Bois or round Central Park. There is no mystery left, we've been there, we've seen it, we know all about it. We've done the globe, and the globe is done.

This is quite true, superficially. On the superficies, horizontally, we've been everywhere, and done everything, we know all about it. Yet the more we know, superficially, the less we penetrate, vertically. It's all very well skimming across the surface of the ocean, and saying you know all about the sea. There still remain the terrifying under-deeps, of which we have utterly no experience.

The same is true of land travel. We skim along, we get there, we see it all, we've done it all. And, as a rule, we never once go through the curious film which railroads, ships, motor-cars and hotels stretch over the surface of the whole earth. Pekin is just the same as New York, with a few different things to look at; rather more Chinese about, etc. Poor creatures that we are, we crave for experience, yet we are like flies that crawl on the pure and transparent mucous-paper in which the world, like a bon-bon, is wrapped so carefully that we can never get at it, though we see it there all the time as we move about it, apparently in contact, yet actually as far removed as if it were the moon.

As a matter of fact, our great-grandfathers, who never went anywhere, in actuality had more experience of the world than we have, who have seen everything. When they listened to a lecture with lantern-slides, they really held their breath before the unknown, as they sat in the village school-room. We, bowling along in a rickshaw in Ceylon, say to ourselves: It's very much what you'd expect: we really know it all.

We are mistaken. The know-it-all state of mind is just the result of being outside the mucous-paper wrapping of civilization. Underneath is everything we don't know and are afraid of knowing.

I realized this with shattering force when I went to New Mexico. New Mexico, one of the United States, part of the U. S. A. New Mexico, the picturesque reservation and playground of the Eastern States, very romantic, old Spanish, Red Indian, desert-mesas, pueblos, cow-boys, penitentes, all that film-stuff. Very nice, the great South-west; put on a sombrero and knot a red kerchief round your neck, to go out in the great free spaces!

That is New Mexico wrapped in the absolutely hygienic and shiny mucous-paper of our trite civilization. That is the New Mexico known to most of the Americans who know all about it. But break through the shiny sterilized wrapping, and actually *touch* the country, and you will never be the same again.

I think New Mexico was the greatest experience from the outside world that I have ever had. It certainly changed me for ever. Curious as it may sound, it was New Mexico that liberated me from the present era of civilization, the great era of material and mechanical development. Months spent in holy Kandy, in Ceylon, the holy of holies of southern Buddhism, had not touched the great psyche of materialism and idealism which dominated me. And years, even, in the exquisite beauty of Sicily, right among the old Greek paganism that still lives there, had not shattered the essential Christianity on which my character was established. Australia was a sort of dream or trance, like being under a spell, the self remaining unchanged, so long as the trance did not last too long. Tahiti, in a mere glimpse, repelled me; and so did California, after a stay of a few weeks. There seemed a strange brutality in the spirit of the western coast, and I felt: Oh, let me get away!

BUT the moment I saw the brilliant, proud morning shine high up over the deserts of Santa Fe, something stood still in my soul, and I started to attend. There was a certain magnificence in the high-up day, a certain eagle-like royalty, so different from the equally pure, equally pristine and lovely morning of Australia, which is so soft, so utterly pure in its softness, and betrayed by green parrots flying. But in the lovely morning of Australia one went into a dream. In the magnificent fierce morning of New Mexico one sprang awake, a new part of the soul woke up suddenly, and the old world gave way to a new.

There are all kinds of beauty in the world, thank God, though ugliness is homogeneous. How lovely is Sicily, with Calabria across the sea like an opal, and Etna with her snow in a world above and beyond! How lovely is Tuscany, with little red tulips wild among the corn; or bluebells at dusk in England, or mimosa in clouds of pure yellow among the grey-green dun foliage of Australia, under a soft, blue, unbreathed sky! But for a *greatness* of beauty I have never experienced anything like New Mexico. All those mornings when I went with a hoe along the ditch to the canyon, at the ranch, and stood, in the fierce, proud silence of the Rockies, or their foot-hills, to look far over the desert to the blue mountains away in Arizona, blue as chalcedony, with the sage-brush desert sweeping grey-blue in between, dotted with tiny cube-crystals of

Back of desert, the mountain; back of American and Spaniard, the Indian and the elemental life of his cosmos; "mountain-life, cloud-life, thunder-life, air-life, earth-life, sun-life."—It remained for Lawrence to experience religion in New Mexico; it liberated him from the "era of materialism and mechanical developments." And this article, written by the novelist for Survey Graphic shortly before his death, carries his critique of modern civilization as it comes in contact with the Indians of our Southwest and confronts native cultures re-emerging below the Rio Grande.

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houses: the vast amphitheatre of lofty, indomitable desert, sweeping round to the ponderous Sangre de Cristo Mountains on the east, and coming up flush at the pine-dotted foot-hills of the Rockies! What splendor! Only the tawny eagle could really sail out into the splendor of it all. Leo Stein once wrote to me: "It is the most aesthetically-satisfying landscape I know."—To me it was much more than that. It had a splendid, silent terror, and a vast, far-and-wide magnificence which made it way beyond mere aesthetic appreciation. Never is the light more pure and overweening than there, arching with a royalty almost cruel over the hollow, uptilted world. For it is curious that the land which has produced modern political democracy at its highest pitch should give one the greatest sense of overweening, terrible proudness and mercilessness: but so beautiful, God! so beautiful! Those that have spent morning after morning alone there pitched among the pines above the great proud world of desert will know, almost unbearably, how beautiful it is, how clear and unquestioned is the might of the day. Just day itself is tremendous there. It is so easy to understand that the Aztecs gave hearts of men to the sun. For the sun is not merely hot or scorching, not at all. It is of a brilliant and unchallengeable purity and haughty serenity which would make one sacrifice the heart to it. Ah, yes, in New Mexico the heart is sacrificed to the sun, and the human being is left stark, heartless, but undauntedly religious.

AND that was the second revelation out there. I had looked over all the world for something that would strike me as religious. The simple piety of some English people, the semi-pagan mystery of some Catholics in southern Italy, the intensity of some Bavarian peasants, the semi-ecstasy of Buddhists or Brahmins: all this had seemed religious all right, as far as the parties concerned were involved, but it didn't involve me. I looked on at their religiousness from the outside. For it is still harder to feel religion at will, than to love it at will.

I had seen what I felt was a hint of wild religion in the so-called devil dances of a group of naked villagers from the far-remote jungle in Ceylon, dancing at midnight under the torches, glittering wet with sweat on their dark bodies as if they had been gilded, at the celebration of the Pera-hera in Kandy, given to the Prince of Wales. And the utter dark absorption of these naked men, as they danced with their knees wide apart, suddenly affected me with a *sense* of religion, I *felt* religion for a moment. For religion is an experience, an uncontrollable, sensual experience even more so than love: I use sensual to mean an experience deep down in the senses, inexplicable and inscrutable.

But this experience was fleeting, gone in the curious turmoil of the Pera-hera, and I had no permanent feeling of religion till I came to New Mexico and penetrated into the old human race-experience there. It is curious that it should be in America, of all places, that a European should really experience religion, after touching the old Mediterranean and the East. It is curious that one should get a sense of living religion from the Red Indians, having failed to get it from Hindus or Sicilian Catholics or Cinghalese.

Let me make a reservation. I don't stand up to praise the Red Indian as he reveals himself in contact with white civilization. From that angle, I am forced to admit he *may* be thoroughly objectionable. Even my small experience knows it. But also I know he *may* be thoroughly nice, even in his dealings with white men. It's a question of individuals, a good deal, on both sides.

But in this article I don't want to deal with the everyday or superficial aspect of New Mexico, outside the mucous-paper wrapping. I *want* to go beneath the surface. And therefore the American Indian in his behavior as an American citizen doesn't really concern me. What concerns me is what he is, or what he seems to me to be, in his ancient, ancient race-self and religious self.

For the Red Indian seems to me much older than Greeks or Hindus or any European or even Egyptians. The Red Indian, as a civilized and truly religious man, civilized beyond tabu and totem, as he is in the south, is religious in perhaps the oldest sense, and deepest, of the world. That is to say, he is a remnant of the most deeply religious race still living. So it seems to me.

But again let me protect myself. The Indian who sells you baskets on Albuquerque station or who slinks around Taos plaza may be an utter waster and an indescribably low dog. Personally, he may be even less religious than a New York sneak-thief. He may have broken with his tribe, or his tribe itself may have collapsed finally from its old religious integrity, and ceased, really, to exist. Then he is only fit for rapid absorption into white civilization, which must make the best of him.

But while a tribe retains its religion and keeps up its religious practices, and while any member of the tribe shares in those practices, then there is a tribal integrity and a living tradition going back far beyond the birth of Christ, beyond the pyramids, beyond Moses. A vast old religion which once swayed the earth lingers in unbroken practice there in New Mexico, older, perhaps, than anything in the world save Australian aboriginal tabu and totem, and that is not yet religion.

You can feel it, the atmosphere of it, around the pueblos. Not, of course, when the place is crowded with sight-seers and motor-cars. But go to Taos pueblo on some brilliant snowy morning, and see the white figures on the roof: or come riding through at dusk on some windy evening, when the black skirts of the silent women blow around the white wide boots, and you will feel the old, old root of human consciousness still reaching down to depths we know nothing of: and of which, only too often, we are jealous. It seems it will not be long before the pueblos are uprooted.

BUT never shall I forget watching the dancers, the men with the fox-skin swaying down from their buttocks, file out at San Geronimo, and the women with seed-rattles following. The long, streaming, glistening black hair of the men. Even in ancient Crete long hair was sacred in a man, as it is still in the Indians. Never shall I forget the utter absorption of the dance, so quiet, so steadily, timelessly rhythmic, and silent, with the ceaseless down-tread, always to the earth's center, the very reverse of the upflow of Dionysiac or Christian ecstasy. Never shall I forget the deep singing of the men at the drum, swelling and sinking, the deepest sound I have heard in all my life, deeper than thunder, deeper than the sound of the Pacific Ocean, deeper than the roar of a deep waterfall: the wonderful deep sound of men calling to the unspeakable depths.

Never shall I forget coming into the little pueblo of San Felipe one sunny morning in spring, unexpectedly, when bloom was on the trees in the perfect little pueblo more old, more utterly peaceful and idyllic than anything in Theo-

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critus, and seeing a little casual dance. Not impressive as a spectacle, only, to me, profoundly moving, because of the truly terrifying religious absorption of it.

Never shall I forget the Christmas dances at Taos, twilight, snow, the darkness coming over the great wintry mountains and the lonely pueblo, then suddenly, again, like dark calling dark, the deep Indian cluster-singing around the drum, wild and awful, suddenly rousing on the lost dusk as the procession starts. And then the bonfires leaping suddenly in pure spurts of high flame, columns of sudden flame forming an alley for the procession.

NEVER shall I forget the khiva of birch-trees, away in the Apache country, in Arizona this time, the teepees and flickering fires, the neighing of horses unseen under the huge dark night, and the Apaches all abroad, in their silent moccasined feet: and in the khiva, beyond a little fire, the old man reciting, reciting in the unknown Apache speech, in the strange wild Indian voice that re-echoes away back to before the Flood, reciting apparently the traditions and legends of the tribe, going on and on, while the young men, the *braves* of today, wandered in, listened, and wandered away again, overcome with the power and majesty of that utterly old tribal voice, yet uneasy with their half-adherence to the modern civilization, the two things in contact. And one of these *braves* shoved his face under my hat, in the night, and stared with his glittering eyes close to mine. He'd have killed me then and there, had he dared. He didn't dare: and I knew it: and he knew it.

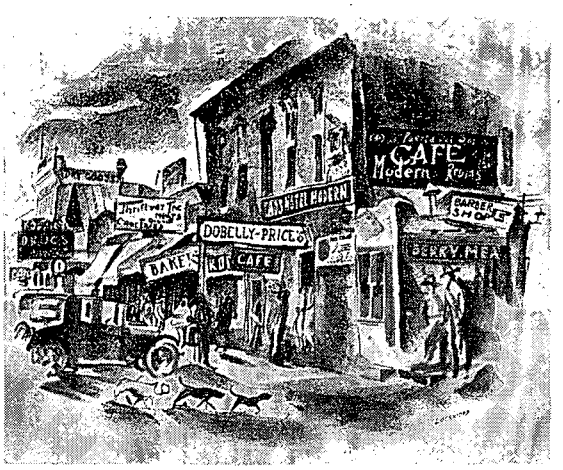
Never shall I forget the Indian races, when the young men, even the boys, run naked, smeared with white earth and stuck with bits of eagle fluff for the swiftness of the heavens, and the old men brush them with eagle feathers, to give them power. And they run in the strange hurling fashion of the primitive world, hurled forward, not making speed deliberately. And the race is not for victory. It is not a contest. There is no competition. It is a great cumulative effort. The tribe this day is adding up its male energy and exerting to the utmost: for what? To get power, to get strength: to come, by sheer cumulative, hurling effort of the bodies of men, into contact with the great cosmic source of vitality which gives strength, power, energy to the men who can grasp it, energy for the year of attainment.

It was a vast old religion, greater than anything we know: more darkly and nakedly religious. There is no God, no conception of a god. All is god. But it is not the pantheism we are accustomed to, which expresses itself as "God is everywhere, god is in everything." In the oldest religion, everything was alive, not supernaturally but naturally alive. There were only deeper and deeper streams of life, vibrations of life more and more vast. So rocks were alive, but a mountain had a deeper, vaster life than a rock, and it was much harder for a man to bring his spirit, or his energy, into contact with the life of the mountain, and so draw strength from the mountain, as from a great standing well of life, than it was to come into contact with the rock. And he had to put forth a greater religious effort. For the whole life-effort of man was to get his life into direct contact with the elemental life of the cosmos, mountain-life, cloud-life, thunder-life, air-life, earth-life, sun-life. To come into immediate *felt* contact, and so derive energy, power, and a dark sort of joy. This effort into sheer naked contact, *without an intermediary or mediator,* is the real meaning of religion. And at the sacred races the runners hurled themselves in a terrible cumulative effort, through the air, to come at last into naked contact with the very life of the air, which is the life of the clouds, and so of the rain.

It was a vast and pure religion, without idols or images, even mental ones. It is the oldest religion, a cosmic religion the same for all peoples, not broken up into specific gods or saviours or systems. It is the religion which precedes the god-concept, and is therefore greater and deeper than any god-religion.

And it lingers still, for a little while, in New Mexico: but long enough to have been a revelation to me. And the Indian, however objectionable he may be on occasion, has still some of the strange beauty and pathos of the religion that brought him forth and is now shedding him away into oblivion. When Trinidad, the Indian boy, and I planted corn at the ranch, my soul paused to see his brown hands softly moving the earth over the maize in pure ritual. He was back in his old religious self, and the ages stood still. Ten minutes later he was making a fool of himself with the horses. Horses were never part of the Indian's religious life, never would be. He hasn't a tithe of the feeling for them he has for a bear, for example. So horses don't like Indians.

But there it is: the newest democracy ousting the oldest religion! And once the oldest religion is ousted, one feels the democracy and all its paraphernalia will collapse, and the oldest religion, which comes down to us from man's pre-war days, will start again. The sky-scraper will scatter on the winds like thistledown, and the genuine America, the America of New Mexico, will start on its course again. This is an interregnum.



TAOS SIGNS
Lithograph by J. Ward Lockwood

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Spanish Colonial Arts

By FRANK APPLEGATE

SPANISH Colonists in New Mexico, compared with the English settlers on the Atlantic coast, were removed from their sources of supply by six months of horseback travel in addition to the sea voyage. They brought nothing with them into the Rio Grande valley that could not be carried in the square saddlebags, called *cayaxes,* or in the crude, solid wheeled *carretas* drawn by oxen. Even in the best colonial times, a year was required for the official supply train to make a round trip from Mexico to Santa Fe. The result was that the things the colonists made for themselves became, as time went on, actually more primitive in form, being largely influenced by limitations of tools and materials and by the arts and crafts of the Indians among whom they settled. Many of the articles used about their houses and their furniture were re-created from memories of those things that they had left behind them. Whatever is reminiscent of Spanish arts and crafts found among them is of early Spanish art of the 16th century.

Thrown as the Spanish colonials were on the rather scant resources of the country, they were compelled to adapt a new technique in using what materials they found there; and they had to thank the Pueblo Indians for much, for these Indians had been using these materials for centuries. From the Indians they took over the materials and technique of building their houses, adapting the pattern to their own less communal habit of living. The very wealthy could draw on Old Mexico and even Europe for some luxuries; could have the beams of his house elaborately decorated and the ends of them supported on carved corbels. Spindles, probably due to Moorish influence on Spanish arts, were used in furniture, doors, balcony and porch railings and for window bars. Earthen floors were covered with native woven carpets and the rich man could fill his house with the best furnishings that the local craftsmen could turn out.

The most numerous of still existing pieces of Spanish Colonial furniture in New Mexico are the chests, which ranged in size from the tiny *cahitas* used for holding small articles to the huge food storage chests which were often from six to eight feet long and several feet deep. This larger type was used to hold the best of the family clothing, and one of them sometimes held locked within it an image of San Antonio during the time that a member of the family might be absent on a journey, as a hostage against the safe return of the traveler. These chests were generally made of the native pine although a few were made of native tanned buffalo leather with interlacing thongs and bright Spanish flannel used as a background. The tops, sides, ends and bottoms of the wooden ones were usually made from a single board width, with all the edges carefully dovetailed and fastened together with wooden nails. Ornamental locks and hinges were produced by the local blacksmith. Most of these chests were decorated with a carved design or they were painted with gaily colored pictures of garden scenes, bull fights, gentlemen in white trousers, holding large crowned hats, bowing to ladies in hoop skirts, soldiers on horseback, people in boats and many other fantastic scenes, framed with borders of exotic looking flowers. This type usually passed from generation to generation as wedding chests.

Furniture-making practically ceased with the influx of Americans who brought in cheap and ugly machine-made articles. The early comers among them showed a vast intolerance and contempt for everything Spanish Colonial and to a great extent imparted this attitude to the natives. It is only within the past few years that there has begun a renaissance. Americans have come belatedly to see how fitting and comfortable the Spanish-colonial type of house is in its environment and climate and how well Spanish-colonial arts and crafts go with the architecture.

Weaving has always been the most important handcraft of the Spanish Colonials in New Mexico, but by the end of the eighteenth century it had so declined and was so poor in quality and so coarse that much of the wool clip was sent to Chihuahua and Sonora by the yearly caravans to be traded for Mexican goods, including blankets of Mexican weave. To avoid this disadvantageous exchange and to try and revive the industry the governor, at the end of the 18th century, engaged two expert weavers of Old Mexico to come to Santa Fe and instruct the New Mexican colonists in spinning, dyeing and weaving. These arts were carried on throughout the colony, but gradually the community of Chimayo, twenty-five miles north of Santa Fe, became the most famous center for weaving. From 1800 to 1850 Spanish Colonials employed many Navajo Indian women either as slaves or at living wages to spin and weave blankets for them. These women became in this way very proficient and carried the art back to the tribe so that ever since these Indians have been famous for their weaving. Blanket weaving is still carried on very extensively by the descendants of the Spanish colonists and many thousands of these blankets find a ready market in all parts of the United States. Chimayo is still the center so that all native New Mex-

A painter of distinction and a recognized authority on ceramics, Frank Applegate made himself, during his New Mexico years, master of the native arts. Closely associated with Mary Austin in the Society for the Revival of Spanish Colonial Arts in New Mexico, he had been instrumental in having these arts reinstated in the vocational training schools of the state, in establishing standards of technique and clarifying the public estimate of them. His recent death, since this article was written, is an incalculable loss. Señor Frank, as he was called, is deeply mourned by the people among whom he worked.

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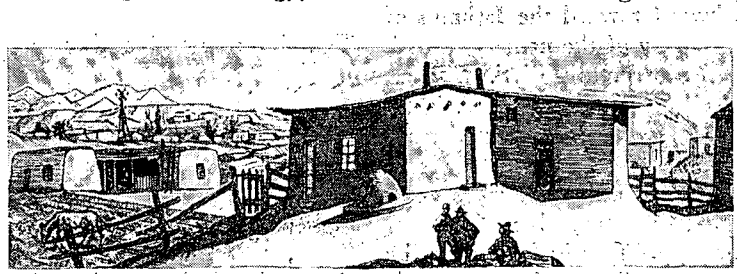
ican blankets whether made in Chimayo or not take their name from that community.

Much to the indignation of the Chimayo weavers, a blanket dealer in Santa Fe has within the past few years brought in blanket weavers from Mexico and employs them at low wages to imitate Chimayo blankets. These immigrants are used to a low scale of living and the Chimayo weavers find it difficult to compete with them.

The Spaniards learned the art of using fine vegetable dyes in the new country, for when the Spanish colonists entered the valley of the Rio Grande they found the Pueblo Indians using blankets and clothing made of native cotton and other vegetable fibers and using these natural dyes to color the designs on their blankets, ceremonial garments, leather, baskets and other objects.

THE fine arts reached their highest development among the Spanish Colonials of New Mexico in religious painting and carving in wood. This was natural for religion was the greatest emotional outlet of the people at that time. Their religion, however, was not entirely a concern for immortality. They felt the need of such help in getting through the daily trials of this life and they believed with implicit faith that for every need and in every emergency there was a saint that could be invoked for aid. For prayers to be efficacious, they required an image of the particular saint that had power over the situation in which they sought aid. It was proper to appeal to Saint Job in case one was covered with boils, yet he could be of no assistance if the bean crop were doing badly. In that case only San Ysidro, the farmers' saint, could be of assistance. As result representations of about one hundred different saints are to be found in the churches, missions, chapels, *penitenté morados*, and homes in New Mexico. This called for a fair representation of the most important of them in each place of worship, and every family possessed as many as they could afford. In filling the need for this multitude of saints the artists of the time were employed in painting and carving their images, episodes in their lives or the manner of their martyrdom. These artists were known locally as *santeros* and their paintings and carvings as *santos*. There were about twenty of them whose styles or techniques were so distinctive that their work, wherever encountered, is easily recognized. Some of the best known also painted altars and reredos.

These artists had no access to canvas or oils in devising the paintings which were known as *santo retablos*. For a background they split panels from sections of smooth grained pine logs, for there were no sawmills in the colony for sawing boards. The panels they adzed by hand. One side of a panel was then covered with a coating of calcined gypsum mixed with glue and water. This made, when dry, a smooth white surface. For paints the same Indian dyes were used that were employed for coloring the wools in blanket weaving and gave very much the same effect as fresco painting. When a painting was finished it was given a protective coating of light varnish made by dissolving *piñon* pine gum in spirits made from maize. The statues or *santo bultos* were usually carved from the roots of cottonwood trees which were easily worked and these were then covered with the gypsum and glue preparation and colored in the same manner as the *santos retablos*. To a large extent these *santos* are portraits of Colonials. A neighbor of the artist plowing in his field became San Ysidro, the farmers' saint, while the belle of the community was represented as the Queen of Heaven. Thus the saints were created in the images of the people themselves and were therefore quite satisfying. After the arrival of the Americans and more sophisticated European priests, the making of these *santos* ceased and gaudily colored prints and unpleasant plaster casts began to take their places. It was explained to the natives by these later-comers that saints are blond and not dark complexioned like themselves, that none of the saints had worn the costumes of Spanish Colonials nor had the Queen of Heaven donned the hoop style dress of Queen Isabella of Spain.



In all the Spanish-New Mexican arts, the further the workers got from Spain, the more their work showed the influence of the Indian blood which entered into practically all except a few of the more aristocratic families of the colony. Native birds and animals played a large part in design. The Spanish lion lost his mane and acquired a long curving tail similar to the puma, the wild lion of New Mexico. Patterns of fine needlework such as the women embroidered on sheets of native cotton cloth, with the ends of blanket yarns, gradually began to resemble less the elaborate scrolls of the priest's vestments and were worked directly from motives of everyday life. One of the favorite designs called Adam and Eva, done in the later period, would convince anyone that the Garden of Eden was in New Mexico.

Many articles made of tin, such as picture frames, small boxes and candlesticks, plainly drew their designs from Indian sources, especially from the hammered gold work of the Aztecs. As the Spanish designs were lost to memory and the proportion of Indian blood increased, the workers showed extraordinary fertility of invention, and it is nearly impossible to persuade one of them today to copy an old piece exactly as it is given to him. He can never understand why he must not make alterations more to his own mind. Nor will a native craftsman make any two pieces exactly alike. He marvels at the *Americano* who wants them so.

THEY all of them take great delight in their work. And it is pathetic to see the renewal of happiness and self-respect in the older workers on finding their handicrafts, so long despised, welcomed and appreciated. Both Celso Gallegos and José Dolores Lopez, our most popular wood carvers, will reduce their prices when sales slow down, rather than be deprived of the pleasure of making new pieces. It is true that although these people have lived with the Americans for two generations, many of them never took any part in current social events until they began, a few years ago, to come forward to help the American artists in some of their undertakings. They associate the revival of their own arts—and truly—with the arrival in New Mexico of poets and painters. Sometimes the old men can be seen at the yearly Spanish Fair on De Vargas, beaming ecstatically, with tears in their eyes, at the exhibition of arts and crafts they had feared were lost forever.

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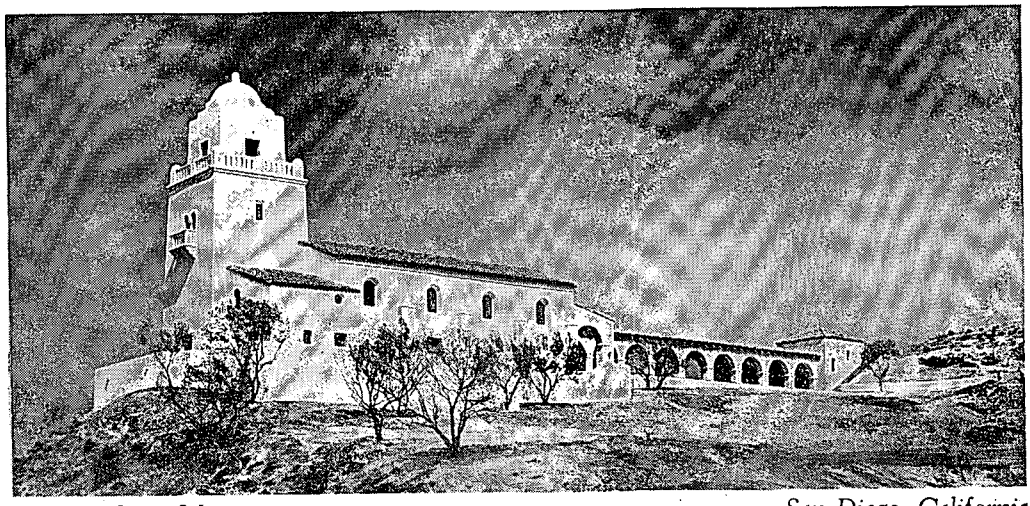

Junipero Serra Museum *San Diego, California*

Bell Towers and Capitals

By WILLIAM TEMPLETON JOHNSON, A.I.A.

ONE of the most interesting characteristics in the colonial architecture of Spanish New Mexico was the bolster capital. Hewn from pine wood, roughly carved with chisel and gouge, it decorated the *portales,* and used as a corbel, supported the ceiling beams of the buildings reared by the settlers. It was the most architectural and most striking detail of their constructions of sun-dried bricks and pine timber and its origin excites our curiosity. In this case the road leads to Rome. One of the principal details of the Roman classic cornice was the acanthus leaf modillion or bracket. This modillion was a familiar motive in the Italian Renaissance, and there are rare instances in Italian architecture of the use of the bolster capital as the crowning member of columns. When the Renaissance penetrated Spain, it attained a freedom and abandon less prevalent in the Italy of classic precedent and was used in the collonades of palace after palace in the Iberian Peninsula. Following the path of exploration it crossed the Atlantic, appeared in simplified form in Mexico, then traveled northward two thousand miles with the *conquistadores* to Santa Fe where, changed from stone to wood and reduced to simple forms, it is seen today in buildings three hundred years old and is characteristic of modern adaptations of the colonial architecture.

Spanish explorers, invading Mexico early in the sixteenth century, found there and southward toward the Isthmus of Panama, the only architecture worthy of the name in North America, as expressed by the great structures of the Mayas, the Toltecs and the Aztecs. Anxious to implant the Christian religion in Mexico, the Spaniards destroyed the native temples and built churches. The land was fabulously rich in gold and silver, labor was plentiful and religious zeal fervent. By the beginning of the nineteenth century there were upwards of twelve thousand religious edifices in Mexico. The traveler today stumbles upon some village of a couple of thousand inhabitants and finds there three domed churches all of masonry and carved stone of real architectural merit. This development in Mexico followed close upon the heels of the Renaissance in Spain, the period of that country's greatest prosperity and most brilliant artistic attainment. In the new land, Aztec influence is frequently perceptible, giving a barbaric touch to the more conventional design of the old country. A hundred years of almost constant revolution have wrought much destruction in Mexico; but fortunately for lovers of good building, an enduring record of Mexican architecture was obtained in 1901 by Sylvester Baxter of Boston and published in ten portfolios of photographs with a careful explanatory text.

With the colonization of our Southwest by the Spanish from Mexico, twenty-five churches were erected in the Rio Grande Valley by 1630. The newcomers found the Indians living a communal life in buildings that they viewed in amazement, great rookeries sometimes as high as five stories and containing from five hundred to a thousand rooms. The architecture of the Indian pueblos, with its antecedents among the cliff dwellers, represented the most advanced type of aboriginal building in what is now the United States, but was nevertheless very crude. Walls were sometimes made of stone with mud joints, reinforced with small chips of stone pressed into the interstices. In the majority of cases, however, the construction was of mud, puddled between framing perhaps of wattled work or hides. As the colonists had to depend almost entirely upon Indian labor for their building enterprises, it is quite natural that what they evolved in the new region was influenced by the native product.

THE result was that even before the landing of the Pilgrims, there was born in the region of Santa Fe a style of architecture which sprang from the soil, from the excellent clay of the region and from the pine forests. A thousand miles from the nearest town in Mexico, this architectural style was like nothing else in the world. What emerged was Indian in feeling and Spanish in plan and detail, archaic, crude, picturesque and admirably suited to the needs of the people. The Spanish taught the Indians the art of making adobe bricks, bricks containing straw as in biblical times—and today adobes are still used in New Mexico and Arizona. They adopted the thick walls and roof construction of the Indians, but made their buildings

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usually one story high and increased the sizes of rooms, enlarged the door and window openings, and introduced typical Spanish and Mexican motives such as *portales* and *patios*. Here it was that the recessed "portal" or covered porch with pine *vigas* (beams) and wooden columns with bolster capitals became one of the most typical features of the style. Another feature always present in rooms of large area such as churches was the use of wooden corbels either single or double, and in one case known to the writer, triple, for supporting the ceiling beams.

With its flowing horizontal lines and informal plan, its simple wood lintels and inviting *portales,* the style had a flavor all its own, but the time came when its charm was not appreciated. After the American occupation in 1846, the sturdy old Palace of the Governors at Santa Fe was decorated with a Mary Ann portico. Twenty years ago people began to realize their mistake. The very attractive station of the Santa Fe railroad was built in the old manner. This was followed by the Museum of New Mexico at Santa Fe, an admirable adaptation of the old forms to new uses. The Post Office and a new hotel on the site of the old Fonda followed suit in the Santa Fe style, as it is called.

IT was in 1769, over a hundred and fifty years after the settlement of Santa Fe, that Fray Junipero Serra planted the royal standard of Spain upon California soil and founded at San Diego the Mission San Diego de Alcala, the first of a chain of mission churches constructed in rapid succession during the next forty years and reaching six hundred miles north to the Bay of San Francisco.[1] The California Indians were not builders like their brethren of the pueblos of the Rio Grande Valley, so the missions had no local precedent to influence them. The *padres'* buildings were simple structures with massive adobe walls covered with stucco. They made tiles for walls and roofs, neither of which were used in New Mexico, but the most striking difference between the two styles was the use of the Roman arch for windows and arcades. Adobe is not an enduring building material unless kept in repair, and after the American occupation in 1846, many of the missions fell in ruins. Those at San Luis Rey, San Juan Capistrano, Santa Barbara, Carmel and a few others give us picturesque glimpses of what the missions were a hundred years ago, and in 1929 there was dedicated in San Diego, the Junipero Serra Museum, built upon the spot where white civilization began in California, and designed to preserve for all time the historical data of its vicinity. It is planned in the simple style of the Franciscans but of enduring concrete. Tiles from the old Mission San Diego de Alcala, of which but little remains, were brought and laid in the entrance doorway—tiles made by hand but in perfect condition after a century and a half.

For a time "Mission" architecture, a modification of the Franciscan church forms, attained a popularity in California. The Santa Fe station hotels at Barstow and Albuquerque (N. M.), and the Mission Inn at Riverside, are prominent examples. The style, however, was heavy and difficult to adapt for types of buildings other than churches. Many horrors were committed in its name and as a style it is practically dead.

The expositions in San Francisco and San Diego in 1915, coincident to the opening of the Panama Canal, were a salutary influence in promoting the use of Mexican and Spanish design in California. At San Diego the directors retained as consulting architect Bertram G. Goodhue who in his youth had been Mr. Baxter's lieutenant in his Mexican studies, and who projected a group of structures in semi-tropical surroundings, so beautiful and so harmonious in composition that they set a new standard in exposition architecture. The building of the State of California, a permanent structure with a tiled dome and graceful campanile, is typical though in no sense a copy of the Spanish Colonial churches in Mexico. One of the temporary buildings suggests strongly the Palace of Monterey at Salamanca, Spain, another the Sanctuario of Guadalupe at Guadalajara, Mexico. The Fine Arts Gallery, built in 1925-6 replacing one of the temporary buildings, is an example of how successfully Spanish Renaissance of the sixteenth century may be blended with Mexican design of the eighteenth.

With such striking precedent for examples, contemporary architecture of California incorporates elements which are met with in Italy, Spain and Mexico. This is illustrated in the evolution of the bungalow. Twenty years ago bungalows were built of wood and their design had a strong oriental influence. This style was followed by another less artistic and quite absurd, enormous columns or piers being used to support nothing more than porch roofs. With the introduction and perfection of colored stuccoes and tiles, Spanish and Mexican motives have been emphasized. In many instances builders overloaded their creations with misplaced ornament, but today thousands of very small houses are built that are altogether charming.

The renascence of good architecture in California is nowhere more marked than in Santa Barbara. A few of the old Spanish Colonial adobe houses remained and these were saved from destruction. Using them as models and influenced too by the simple but harmonious architecture of Andalusia in southern Spain, Santa Barbara is developing a local style of its own, with many beautiful houses built by people of ample means. The Community Arts Association has through awards and competitions aroused much enthusiasm in small house design and for three years running Santa Barbara won first prize in the Better Homes in America competition. After the earthquake an architectural advisory committee was appointed which passed upon all plans for reconstruction. This committee furnished gratis to the small shop owners, who had been hard hit, appropriate plans for repairs and rebuilding and set the stamp of good design upon State Street, or Estado, as it is now called. Excellent work but with less unity is being done all over Southern California.

THE Southwest was settled by people of a pioneering spirit, seeking the end of the rainbow, the untried, the unknown. Successive migrations have brought men and women of a roving disposition ready for change, for new modes of life, new forms of building. A profound influence is the similarity of climate between Spain, Italy and southern California.

The bolster capital as we have seen traveled the long road from Rome: ceramic tiles now artistically made in California originated with the Moors. The art of juxtaposition of concentrated ornament with broad, simple wall surfaces comes from Spain. Aztec and even Mayan ornament have been used to some extent. The towers and domes of Mexico have first cousins in many a town of the Southwest. Yet the surprising thing is that the product is not Spanish, nor Italian, nor Mexican but a flourishing plant of old roots in new soil—vigorous and sometimes vulgar, but with the virility of youth which promises results of far reaching beauty.

[1] The missions at San Antonio, Texas, and Tucson, Arizona, while more florid than the California work, have many of the same characteristics.

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Photograph by Tina Modotti

MEXICAN WOMAN — By JOSE CLEMENTE OROZCO

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Santa Susana

By AMANDA MATHEWS CHASE

A UNITED STATES back yard had been made into a Mexican tenement court by shacks all along the fence. Where, in Old Mexico, the fountain would have splashed, here a tipsy hydrant leaned and dripped.

Doña Soledad patted *tortillas* at her kitchen table, Americanized *tortillas,* poor flabby things made from white flour instead of stone-ground corn. She was taller, whiter, and more spare than the Indian-type *señoras* dubbing away at their washboards about the hydrant.

Quite automatically she reached for the nearest dab of dough. Her splendid dark-ringed eyes were live coals of wrath still smouldering from her breakfast clash with her husband, Don Estéban, now gone to his day's labor in cement. Right there across the tabe he had sat. She saw him now—a big man and rather fair, with straight features and crisply curling black locks. He had a dashing, well-dressed way with him even in his overalls and jumper. Juan, her worshipped only child, dark, elfish, usually fearful and awestruck in the presence of his step-father, had bubbled forth a message from his teacher, about all the mothers being invited to join the Mothers' Class at school. He had begged her to come.

Then Don Estéban had growled in his throat and pounded the table until he rocked the coffee clear out of his cup. Oh yes, he had advanced his reason—his single, stalwart, and righteous reason—for all his refusals; namely, that he was a Mexican husband. Indeed, he was a super-husband of that variety.

This second marriage of Doña Soledad had closed a long, miserably skimped widowhood in Old Mexico, which had lasted since Juan, now nine, was a baby. Her brothers had families of their own. They had backed the suit of this smart worker about to return to the prosperity of the United States. His roughly passionate wooing had been a happy excitement, but—God save us—the difference between a lover and a husband! Here she was, forbidden ever to step outside the courtyard. The man was gone all day, but it seemed to her as if his will remained guarding the street gate like some invisible bulldog.

Through the open kitchen door, Doña Soledad regarded with aloof disfavor escaping billows of chemise between the nondescript waists and sloppy skirts of the washers. Yet she derived no appreciable consolation from her downward survey of her own stiffly clean bungalow apron. Don Estéban bought all her clothes according to his own egotistic and assertive taste, fetched them home and awaited her raptures, with his heavy-hitting hand ready to enforce appreciation. Nor did he ever fail to inform her that the garment was the ultimate and crowning benefaction of a model Mexican husband. In her own right, Doña Soledad was endowed with the lovely dignity of the "black shawl." That caste of exquisite Mexican womanhood wear always long-draped, dark-hued apparel, and thus hold themselves above the peon rainbow, while not aspiring to the butterfly tints of the patricians. The bungalow apron, Don Estéban's latest gift, was practically sleeveless; it showed wide bands of her detested purple stockings above her high-buttoned shoes. Its color was the crudest of pinks, plaided with the crudest of greens. The pockets were baskets holding whole bouquets of gaudy appliqué flowers. And the badge of Doña Soledad's ingratitude still dimly showed upon her face.

Yet even as she stood there, wrapping the finished *tortillas* in their cloth, she caught the admiring glances cast upon this bungalow apron by the washers at their tubs. She knew that to these women her resistances seemed not only futile but well over the border of impiety. Not that she had shared her troubles, but the shacks were crowded close together and were sound-porous, so all the neighbors must have some sketchy understanding of her situation.

Doña Soledad roused to languid interest in the peculiar tactics of Doña Amalia, her neighbor of the shack directly across the court. She was shorter, plumper, darker than Doña Soledad, yet with the same assurance of bearing which set those two somewhat above the splashing creatures at the tubs. Doña Soledad's face always betrayed the ferment of mental processes, while Doña Amalia matched this with a shrewdness of gathered wisdom wrinkling around her eyes. She, too, wore a bungalow apron, but an all-enveloping one of black sateen which Doña Soledad envied upon sight.

TODAY, however, Doña Amalia's self-assurance was evidently under some unusual strain. Doña Soledad's sombre eyes watched her neighbor come to the doorway of her shack, gaze reflectively at the washers, even set her foot outside her door and then draw back. At last, though, Doña Amalia made a real emergence, and walked resolutely to the first washer. Doña Soledad caught only an occasional word, but having already heard of the Mothers' Class at school, she made out what Doña Amalia was undertaking.

The one addressed straightened herself indignantly and waved her dripping hand to indicate the flock of pre-kindergarten infants who were alternately rolling in the mud about the faucet and the dust that bounded the mud. She resumed her washing with a plunge so vigorous that gray suds splashed the black sateen apron of Doña Amalia. That lady accepted the rebuff and the suds with a deprecating smile as really no more than she had expected and perhaps even deserved. Yet she pulled together her evidently slipping determination and stepped along to the next washer.

This one dramatically smote her forehead with her knuckles to prove how hard her head was, and passed the proposition up with a wide-mouthed laugh. Again Doña Amalia was able to evoke her meek and near-apologetic smile. For she was fracturing that unspoken non-interference code which secures whatever peace exists amid the temperamental dynamite of a Mexican court. Doña Soledad saw that Doña Amalia was now intent on nothing except decent retreat. Eagerly she called her over and ushered her into the kitchen. At least she could have the satisfaction of hearing more about this forbidden Mothers' Class.

"The teacher gives a beautiful blue cup and saucer for

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bringing in a new pupil," the visitor explained in an easy equal-to-equal confession. "But it's not just the cup, it's her joyful look for a new member." And in this unexpected sun of Doña Soledad's sympathy, the visitor poured out the delights of the Mothers' Class.

Doña Soledad listened with a great and wonderful thrill. In the morning she had been angered by her husband's refusal merely as another refusal. But in her there was always this ferment of a mind, and now the Mothers' Class seemed what she had longed for since her time began. She listened and listened with all her thirsty soul.

Then her hands fell into her lap with an audible thump. *"Mi esposo es muy delicado."*

In this euphonious manner did Doña Soledad state her domestic situation so that the older woman would have understood perfectly even if not previously enlightened by the common gossip of the shacks. And the visitor could not resist one gloating purr:

"Mi viejo es muy pacifico."

Then she was ashamed of having flaunted her "pacific old man" in the face of the woman with a *delicado* husband.

"At school," she began penitently, "there is a big picture of Santa Susana. She is the saint of the American women. It seems that in the older time American husbands were no better than ours. Then came Santa Susana, who walked this country crying always 'Justice for women! Justice for women!' She was reviled by men and women alike. But she went up and down from house to house and from town to town, always begging justice for women. Then American wives became brave and American husbands became gentle and now the world has no such spectacle as the kindness of the American husband. And his wife would die for him as quickly as for her son."

"Santa Susana! Santa Susana!" murmured the astonished Doña Soledad. "Why, just to speak her blessed name lends me courage. . . . I will give Juan his lunch when he comes from school. My husband works far from here. I will go to the Mothers' Class with you today. I would look upon the face of this Santa Susana!"

Two good hours before her husband was expected, Doña Soledad returned from the schoolhouse. Her face was glowing as she gaily waved *adios* to Doña Amalia and entered her own dwelling.

There sat Don Estéban, glowering in a kitchen chair, his left arm in a bloody bandage and supported from the other shoulder. He had caught the rosy radiant happiness of her before she had descried him huddled at the table. Her face blanched but she rushed to his side, setting up the wailing coronach over his injury which was his due and which indeed came spontaneously enough.

"Oh, Estéban! You are hurt! Your poor arm! Tell me what happened."

His angry eyes repelled without releasing her. His answer was a growl of wrath so deep in his throat as to be almost inarticulate.

"Where have you been? Me—to come home injured—an empty house—my deceiving wife. Who put that happiness into your ever-complaining countenance? I'll kill—"

"Only to the school," faltered the wife. "I learned—some English words—"

"You disobeyed me—your Mexican husband. I can teach you all the words you need—to address me. You have no other need of words."

He rose and moved toward her. But she had already begun desperately to heat the *frijoles* and to get the coffee on the stove. He flung himself back into his chair with a force that nearly wrecked it. She understood that he would keep the lid clamped down on his fury until supper was safely on the table, since in punishing his wife he might disable his cook.

JUAN stood in the doorway, the dark elf of a boy, who did not flourish more on the abundance of the present, along with its continuous emotional storm, than on the scantiness of the peaceful past. The boy had overheard and his eerie little face registered hate, while his fists doubled in puny threat. His mother knew that Don Estéban held the almost superstitious conviction which dictates that no man may lay hands on another man's child. But she realized also that his present temper might overleap any bounds. Hence she crowded *tortillas* into the child's hands and hastily sent him off to the street.

Doña Soledad set the food upon the table. She noted that her husband used the injured arm when he forgot and she surmised that the injury was not serious. The man ate with his hat pushed back upon his head. He signified the end of the meal by dragging it down to his bushy eyebrows. She had kept out of range of his right arm during her movements about the table and she had some hope that now, slightly pacified by food, he might not strike.

When he rose and came at her, she screamed and ran into the bed-room. He followed and, with what was luckily a glancing blow, he felled her across the bed. She lay there sobbing stormily while he strode from the house, still growling in his throat. Three women at the hydrant heard and crossed themselves. Two men coming in from work exchanged wise grins as they respectfully sidestepped the outgoing husband.

There on the bed, gasping, stinging, burning, aching, her tumbled black hair falling across the darkening bruise, Doña Soledad's sobs tore her to pieces, and the tearing brought all the relief there was. When the reaction from her *coraje* set in an hour later, she had a burned-out look, as if she were ready at any touch to go into grey-white ash and so be cooled at last.

In the quietness of her exhaustion, mental wheels went to turning once more. She knew that (*Continued on page* 190)

PORTRAIT *By Kenneth Adams*

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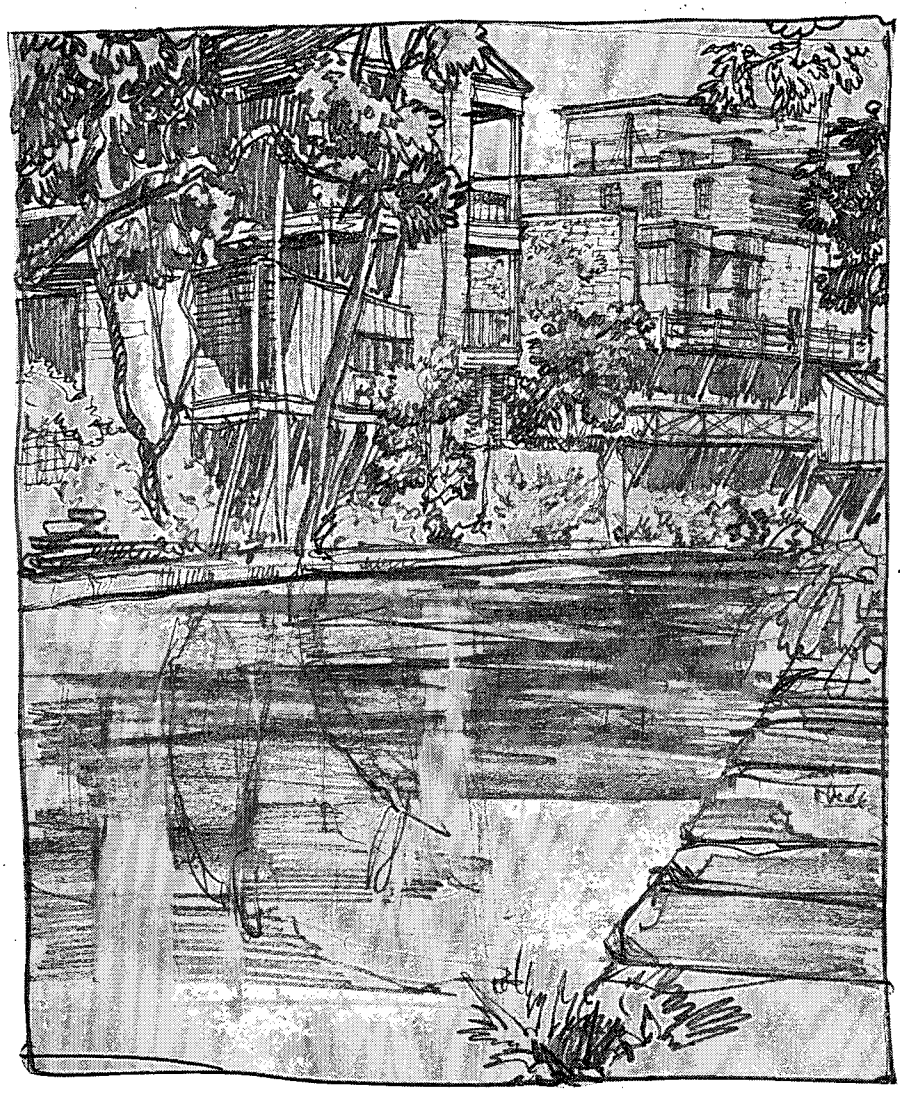

Drawings by
N. O'Neil Ford

San Antonio

The Old Capital City of Mexican Life and Influence

By MAX SYLVIUS HANDMAN

THE center of Mexican San Antonio is filled every evening and late afternoon and particularly on Saturday and Sunday with men with big sombreros, mellow eyes and gentle expressions and with women with their heads wrapped in dark shawls, gliding along in a soft and shuffling walk. The on-coming generation, however, promenading up and down, presents a different picture. Young dandies put as much glitter in their attire as modern clothes will permit, while Mexican flappers wear the American flappers' garb of independence with more dash and grace than the originators. Here in the Mexican business district are the moving-picture theaters, the *Nacional* and the *Zaragossa,* the leading and very important Spanish paper, restaurants, bookstores of which there are many, grocery stores kept by Chinese merchants for Mexican trade, music stores emanating a constant stream of *jotas* and love songs along with the ever-present music of the military band.

In a little park, groups of Mexicans sit on the benches or squat on the ground conversing in soft tones while occasionally a reader, paid or voluntary, entertains his audience with an instalment of a perennial Monte-Christo story. Further down there is a large paved open square, used as a market-place in the daytime, but turned into a colorful outdoor eating place at night. Long tables illuminated by lanterns, red, blue and yellow, accommodate an ever-changing stream of men, women and children, eating the traditional Mexican dishes. Here and there a duet of singers and players on the guitar intone one of those endless ballads—*corridos*—dealing with the events of the life of the community or with the doings of some famous president or bandit, equally dear to their peasant hearts. The district finally shades off into more dubious types of business—fortune tellers, tattoo artists, shooting galleries and second-hand stores. But after a few more steps we are in the region of skyscrapers and American San Antonio begins.

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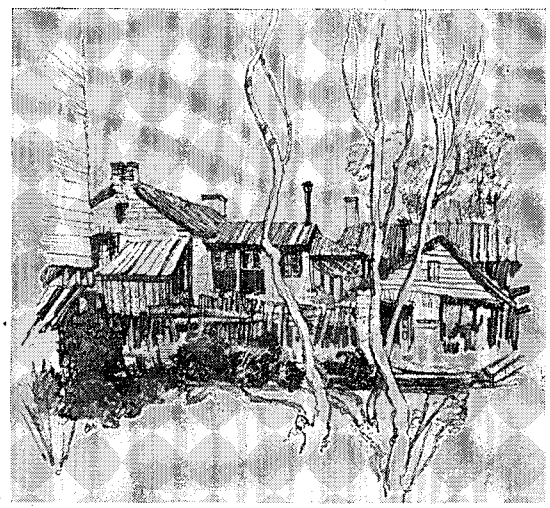
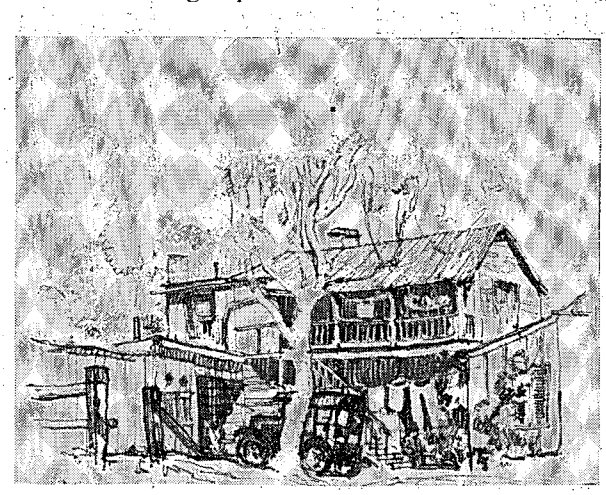
In this American San Antonio, geography has for a long time held the whip hand and has compelled the city to come somehow to terms with a little stream which meanders lazily through it. Willy nilly the lay of the land has compelled a certain charming arrangement of unexpected turns which, striking and avoiding a number of open plazas, end in narrow pre-automobile streets which squeeze through iron bridges and lead on through a maze of tree-lined thoroughfares. San Antonio has not tried very hard to escape from this geography-given charm. Rather it has tried to contribute to it by building a municipal auditorium and setting it in a wide open space which lends dignity to the beautiful structure. But restraint as an element of beauty is something which it is hard to impress upon a community which has spent millions in an effort to be attractive in the modern manner; and so a battery of powerful lights which play on the auditorium at night deprive one of the pleasure of seeing its graceful lines and cupolas against one of those bewitching summer skies of central Texas which is one of the most unforgettable experiences.



Steel construction has struck the city which is now busy acquiring a skyline of skyscrapers, symbol of progress and high real-estate values. Yet the old quaintness still shines through this heavy covering of brick and mortar; the river still meanders lazily and one can go on some warm evening to the oldest hotel in town and eat his dinner in an open *patio*. One can still drive through streets with old houses hidden among trees and palms and can still have the colorful Mexican quarter to fall back upon, with its occasional stone dwellings covered with plaster. Their thick walls and few windows date from the days when the fear of the Indian marauder had not yet been completely extinguished. Children run in and out filling the air with a musical chatter. The porches are stacked with flower-pots; bird-cages hang in abundance; and every now and then a parrot screeches out a dubious welcome. On the empty lots there stand little shacks covered with brightly-enameled pieces of tin telling one what to drink, what to smoke, and what to chew. In these shacks diminutive stores of eatables are retailed by men full of years and dignity.



THE presence of the Mexican in San Antonio is not a recent phenomenon. He is in fact the original inhabitant. The so-called Governor's Palace, the habitation of the pre-American representative of law and order, the earliest church, the Cathedral of San Fernando, the Alamo, an early Spanish-Mexican religious establishment, now hallowed as the great monument to Texan hero-martyrs—all these attest to a direct filiation between the Mexicans who were at one time the dominating element, and the Mexicans who now, in larger number than at any time during their control, are in the main the hewers of wood and drawers of water of San Antonio's industrial civilization.

According to statistics compiled in 1929 by the municipal school authorities, 56 per cent of the children enrolled in the primary schools bore Mexican names; 22 per cent in the junior high-schools; 9 per cent in the senior highschools. These percentages give a clearer picture of the place of the Mexican population in San Antonio than could be gathered at present in any other way. That population, probably 90,000 out of a total of 265,000 (including some 30,000 colored) is in the main made up of what is called the peon class, a name which is often used to describe the manner of living of the Mexicans as well as to excuse the failure of the community to supply them with better living conditions. What strikes one forcibly who has looked into their life in San Antonio is the utter indifference of the community to their presence; it is an indifference which is palpable, almost blatant. Exceptions are the school system, the active International Institute of the Y.W.C.A., the health and social agencies, municipal and private, and the efforts of church organizations to do some work under the guise of faith. Their own natural leaders take no interest in them—the Mexican political "boss" is an Italian. The Mexican newspapers are more concerned with what is doing in old Mexico. The Mexican middle-class is busy making a living in its own way. The doctors probably take more interest in the lot of the masses than any others. When unemployed, when in trouble, when sick, when in need the Mexican turns to his own patriarchal organization, which fortunately still is strong enough in this new environment not to leave him in the lurch.

That patriarchal organization is the outstanding thing about the Mexican community of San Antonio. The large mass of Mexican humanity breaks up naturally into small groups either on the basis of family or the locality from which they come. To this must be added the relationship of *compadre* (godfather) which imposes real responsibilities upon him who accepts it. The orphaned child, and there are many of them among the Mexicans of San Antonio, is sure of a home and as good care as the other children in the home of the *compadre*. This relationship extends beyond the home to business dealings as well, the pseudo-kinship forming a sub-group of considerable cohesion and vitality. In addition the Mexican has taken very rapidly to the American lodge mores and he has become a faithful "jiner" of mutual benefit societies.

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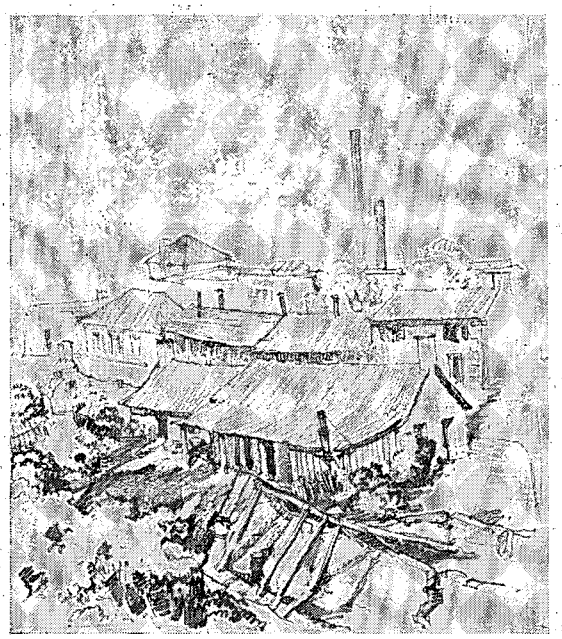
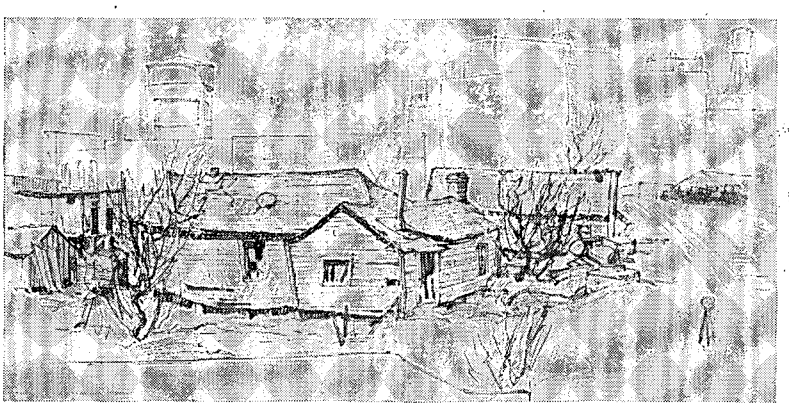
Out of his slender and sometimes all too slender means the Mexican will come readily to the assistance of his brothers in distress, the informal help relationships being far more important than the formal.

A few years ago I directed a survey which was carried out by a group of San Antonio school teachers who made a house-to-house canvass of some 1500 Mexican families. Taking the standard of a "good" house to be that of a modern-built cottage, with sewer connections, bath, toilet, sink, hot and cold water and a kitchen separate from the living quarters, our tabulations yielded exactly one Mexican family that could boast of such a home. (The situation is somewhat improved today because of the activities of certain real-estate dealers and lumber companies who have opened up additions—*colonias*—for the use of the Mexicans.) Of these houses 578 had outside and surface toilets, 159 inside toilets; in 1264 the residents were compelled to go outdoors to obtain their water supply; 39 houses had no windows; and 1141 used kerosene lamps. Half of the owners of these establishments were Americans; a third, Mexicans. As a further side-light on the same problem we found that there were 141 families having seven or more children in the family, that 51 of these had only two rooms in the house, that 28 families of seven children each had only one bed for the entire family and 82 had two beds for seven children plus the adults! It was fortunate that less than 10 per cent of the families were so blessed with offspring; and indeed 40 per cent had less than three children.



OCCUPATIONS and earnings told the same story as housing. Sixty per cent of those investigated were laborers; 25 per cent were skilled workers; 2 per cent were occupied as clerks, and over 5 per cent were engaged in keeping little stores. Half of them averaged around thirteen dollars a week, when they were employed; a fourth of them were employed irregularly even in those times of relative prosperity. The native Mexicans seem to have an all-round advantage over the immigrants—steadier jobs, higher pay and more skilled occupations. They are less inclined to let their women folk go out to work. The same sort of an advantage is found in the case of the English speaking Mexican as over against the non English speaking Mexican. The language was worth $5 a week to them on the average; and American schooling also increased their earning capacity. What modifies this picture, both favorably and unfavorably, is the fact that a very large percentage of Mexican families keep every member gainfully occupied, adding from 25 to 35 per cent to the household income. And yet the earnings per person averaged between $3.50 and $3.75 per week, —hardly enough to supply one with the bare necessities.



The explanation—not that any particular explanation is needed of how poor people with not enough to live on have always managed to live—but, in this case, the explanation is one which runs in the domain of the standard of living. They live by adjusting means which are more American to ends which are more Mexican. If it were not for their patriarchal organization and the chronic semi-starvation to which they have accustomed themselves, they certainly could not manage to exist. Much of the burden of the adjustment falls upon the women. In the main the diet and the personal demands of the Mexican population are still simple enough so that household labor can satisfy them without too great a recourse to pecuniary transactions. A Mexican child gets a *fin-de-siècle* thrill out of a piece of sugar-candy and a cold *tortilla*. An ice cream soda would be a wild and irresponsible debauch. While the food values are less unadjusted to the requirements of adults, such is not the case with children. Calcium is the greatest deficiency, due primarily to a shortage in consumption of milk. As a result, infant mortality and morbidity are high, particularly during the summer months.

All this bears on the contention of the American employer that the Mexican is undoubtedly better off here, even though he receives a most inadequate wage, than he has ever been at home: he is accustomed to little and now he has a little more. But even from the standpoint of the Mexican this position is untenable when looked at a little more closely and particularly when seen from the standpoint of the younger generation. And it is here that the rub comes and that the whole life of the Mexican community receives a different emphasis from what was true across the border.

THE adult immigrant carries into the San Antonio environment a great deal of his pueblo cultural values to which he clings with a tenacity distressing to those who realize the weakness in his position incurred by this lack of adjustment. The younger generation, on the other hand, experiences an entirely different pull. For one thing, in the school system the Mexican child is confronted with a different culture pattern, urged upon him by an almost pathetic reverence and devotion towards the teacher. A second pull comes from actually seeing that culture operate in the dominant group. Seeing it only from the

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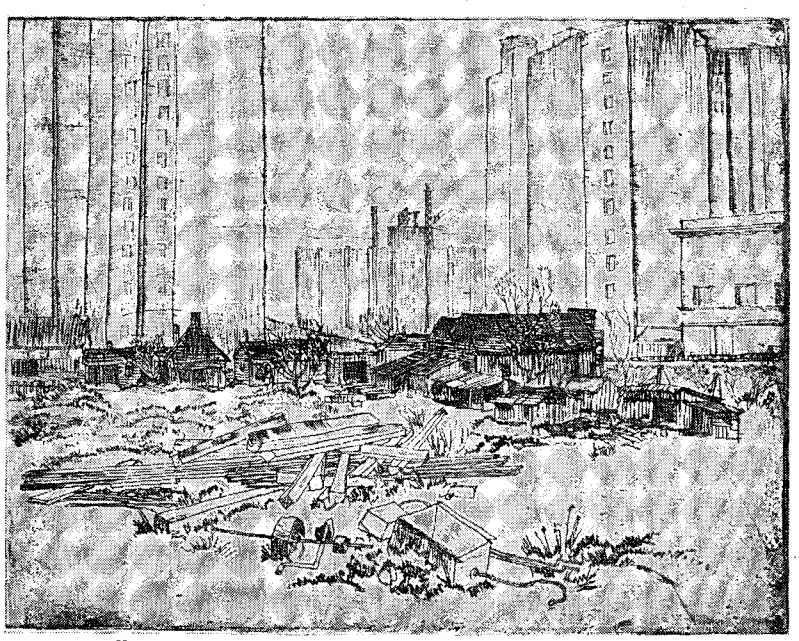
outside, it looks like a shower of fabulous blessings of worldly goods; a world of romantic gorgeousness in its amusements and in its bazar-like offerings. The conflict appears early when Mexican children notice that they are dressed more poorly than some of the others. They often drop out of school in order to earn enough money to buy school supplies, a new pair of shoes, or any garment which they need or think they need. This contrast soon generates a conflict between the two culture patterns and hence between the older and the younger generations.

Under these circumstances to speak of the immigrant Mexicans as being better off than they have been at home is utterly meaningless because they are not at home, they are in America with America's standard of living and particularly with the pitilessly exigent demands of this standard of living. Not to conform very quickly brings down on one the very things from which the Mexican shrinks; and that is scorn, not because he is poor or ill-kempt, or ignorant, or unclean, but because he is a Mexican. Teachers in grade schools—not so much in highschools—have constantly to contend against these cruel ways of American children, cruel not because they are American but because they are children. More than once matters end in a quarrel and a fight—a race war if one wishes to use the terminology of the grown-ups. In schools which are made up exclusively of Mexican children, the same conflict occurs; this time between the child of the Mexican who has left the pueblo culture and has become "Americanized" and the child of him who has not done so. In terms of human suffering the problem is the same.

Of course this is not a new problem. It has confronted the American community with every wave of immigrants which has come to these shores, and it is a wonder that the argument still has to run in the same old terms, in spite of the plentiful experience which we have harvested during all these years. The immigrant comes because he wishes to improve his lot; the American community is willing to accept him because he leaves such a large margin between what is good for him and what is good for us—economically. But we are not—and fortunately we are not, satisfied to keep him in this cultural subordination. We insist that he must become "Americanized," not stopping to realize that Americanization is impossible without higher wages, or wages high enough to live like an American. Racial and national traits always and everywhere have centered mainly on outside appearances: on costume, diet, language, amusements, and social contacts. If the immigrant is to pass for an American, and that is what we mean by Americanization, he must have the things which Americans prize—and they cost money. To assume that one can go on paying low wages to a laborer because he is Mexican and at the same time expose the same laborer to all manner of stimuli forcing him to cease to be one, is certainly living in a fool's paradise.

But as yet the Mexican is docile and timid and painfully eager to conform. In the main he is well behaved. I searched carefully the records of the courts of San Antonio and Bexar County and found that the Mexican criminal does not exceed in proportion his share of the population. In the Juvenile Court he contributes far less than his share. The nature of his delinquency, while slightly different from the delinquency of the non-Mexican, is not a source of danger to law and morals. He is arrested for drunkenness because he drinks in public—there being no club for him to go to. He fights because fighting is respectable in his group. He gets arrested for traffic violations because the second-, or third- or fourth-hand car which he buys from the American dealer is no better than such cars usually are, and because he is often too poor to buy a license. He is arrested for "seduction" because he lives in common-law marriage with a young girl, socially nubile from his Mexican standpoint but not from ours; and he fights with a knife because that is the way poor men fight all over the world.

SAN ANTONIO is a permanent Mexican center. It is a large place of distribution for those who scatter all over Texas, all over the United States to do all manner of unskilled labor. It is also the place where they congregate for the winter months to consume the meager pecuniary returns which they bring with them—waiting in quiet, simple living for the next cotton season or beet season to roll around. Yet the heart of the San Antonio Mexican population is not the nomadic Mexican but the sedentary Mexican. He is an integral part of the life of the community and one wonders how long it can keep him at arm's length as a gentle and irresponsible hewer of wood and drawer of water. The Mexican is intelligent, he is alert, he is sensitive and he is ambitious. He is becoming roused into political self-consciousness by leaders more or less interested in his lot. And after that—what?



SANTA FE WAREHOUSES ETCHING BY O'NEIL FORD

A Dallas scene but in its juxtapositions typical of the outskirts of most southwestern cities

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The Vaquero

Ranch Mexicans

By J. FRANK DOBIE

THE word "cowboy" is very old; in Merry England, far back in the Age of Innocence, the cowboy followed on foot the lowing herd winding slowly o'er the lea and was as gentle as the shepherds of pastoral romance. But the cowboy on a bucking bronco, the cowboy armored in leather and spurring with coiled *reata* after fierce longhorns through thickets of prickly pear and barbed *chaparral,* rounding up great herds over vast ranges and then trailing them for a thousand miles to far away markets and ranges—this cowboy is very modern. He dates only from about 1836.

In that year the Republic of Texas gained her independence from Mexico, and almost immediately after the surrender of the Mexican armies, bands of Texans began raiding down on the cattle and horses belonging to *rancheros* between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande. They already knew a little about cattle raising but after they had exchanged this captured stock in the Louisiana markets for gold they realized as never before that what was valuable enough to "lift" was also valuable enough to raise. Thus, broadly speaking, the range industry of Texas, which within forty-five years had spread to the Canadian Rockies and occupied almost the whole virgin world west of the Missouri River, was born.

The English speaking men who carried this industry forward and created a range tradition that yet flourishes learned nearly all they knew about ranching from the *rancheros* and *vaqueros.* The mustang horses that they rode and the long-horned cattle that they lived for and with were Spanish to the core. Cowboy saddle and other paraphernalia, the cowboy manner of riding, the art of roping, the *rodeo* (or roundup), the marking and branding of stock—the whole business of the range industry was taken over from Spanish-Americans. No other industry, or occupation, in the United States, not even mining, shows such a direct derivation from Spanish influences. The very language of the range is Spanish: however corrupted some of the words may have become—*rancho, rodeo, bronco,* (*mestaño*), and the rest, a language familiar to thousands of booted riders who never saw a Mexican *vaquero.* The very growth of soil, the flora, all over the Southwest is popularly known only by Spanish nomenclature, as *mesquite, nopál, chaparrál, ceniza, grama, biznaga, huisache, retama,* etc.

The *vaquero,* then, was the first range rider of North America; his brother in South America took the name of *gaucho.* In the present limits of the United States the *vaquero,* as a precursor of the cowboy, rode two great ranges. He rode in California, where his cattle were long killed for their hides and were then neglected in the mad stampede for gold. He rode on the Rio Grande, on the lower reaches of which the Texans learned from him, took even his name, and drove his cattle forth to stock an empire once occupied by only buffaloes and Indians.

AND the *vaquero* went with the Texans to serve them and teach them. Pioneer ranchmen in the border region depended almost exclusively on Mexican *vaqueros* to do their work. Great domains like the King and Kenedy ranch in southern Texas and Milton Favor's ranch on the old Chihuahua Trail down the river from El Paso employed *vaqueros* by the score. In the spacious times of trail driving that followed the Civil War *corridas* of Mexican *vaqueros* drove herds to Kansas and Wyoming and over the Pecos Trail to meet thirst and Apaches.

But unlike the "white" hands, many of whom remained in the Farwest and the Northwest to establish the traditions of the Texas cowboy, the trailing *vaqueros* generally came back to the border ranges. As time went on, however, they worked farther and farther out from the international line.

Just here it is necessary to refute a popular misconception—the idea that ranching has become a thing of the past. Over millions of acres in the Southwest and West the ranching industry still obtains. The methods of the industry have, thanks to barbed wire, windmills, improved

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Fence builder of the Nueces River Country

breeds, and higher prices, changed, but the industry itself has not been supplanted. The ranch hands must often work on foot, building fences and tanks, repairing windmills, even cultivating feed stuffs, but the end of their work is to grow stock and when they work cattle they work on horseback.

IN Texas, where within the last three decades the "dry" farmer has plowed under so much good grass, the amount of land devoted to grazing still amounts to more than is devoted to agriculture. The great coastal belt and immense stretches of post oak and piney woods land are yet grazed, though east of the San Antonio River ranch labor is performed by Negroes and some "whites." The ranches left in the Texas Panhandle and southward to the Texas and Pacific Railroad, which for half a thousand miles between Fort Worth and El Paso runs through ranch country, are worked mostly by "white" cowboys—the punchers. The brushy region lying between the Nueces and the Rio Grande has been called the "nursery" of American ranges; it is still, despite development, a cow nursery, the King ranch here comprising over 1,000,000 acres, the Bill Jones holdings amounting to 500,000 acres, and many other ranches embracing from 50,000 to 300,000 acres each. Mexican *vaqueros* are depended upon to work all this range; a considerable part in two or three border counties is owned by descendants of Spanish families who received grants from the Spanish crown. From San Antonio northwest to El Paso, nearly six hundred miles, the route lies almost wholly through arid grazing lands tended largely by Mexicans. In various parts of New Mexico, Arizona, and California *vaqueros* are extensively employed; they have penetrated Wyoming and Montana also. Nowhere else, however, are they depended upon so widely as in Texas.

The ranges of New Mexico and of other states to the north and west probably employ more *pastores* (shepherds) than they do *vaqueros*.

Today on many ranches of the Southwest, particularly of Texas, one may find Mexicans doing the work that twenty-five years ago and less "white" men were doing. The *vaquero* is supplanting the cowboy. He will work for less, expect less, and often do more—so the ranchmen who employ him say. He is more willing to stay away from town and less given to spurring up automobiles.

On the smaller ranches the *vaquero* is apt to be a kind of roustabout, handy at anything. He is apt to have a family, and his children may once in a while attend the community school. On the larger ranches the *vaqueros* are still a part of something like feudal domain, getting their supplies largely from the ranch commissary, which does not overcharge, depending on other Mexicans of the ranch for human association, voting as the *mayordomo* advises, and very often regarding the ranch, in the manner that other people regard a town or a county, as a unit of citizenship. For instance, a King ranch Mexican calls himself a *Kineño*. Here on these larger ranches the *vaqueros* spend several months each year in camp, working cattle, building and repairing fences, scraping out tanks, in times of extreme drouth singeing the thorns off prickly pear so that cattle can eat it or cutting *sotol* for the same purpose.

If the ranch owner lives away, he has a "white" man for manager. The *caporál,* or foreman, under the manager may be either a Mexican or a "white" man. Frequently "white" hands work along with the Mexicans, particularly in handling cattle; in such cases, however, the *caporál* is nearly always "white" also.

Some of the *vaqueros* live with their families about the "home ranch"; some of them live far separated in remote pastures. The *pastero,* or pasture tender, leads an isolated existence, riding his fences and watching the waterings day

The Arizona vaquero singes and opens this cactus, squeezes the pulp into his cup and has good drinking water

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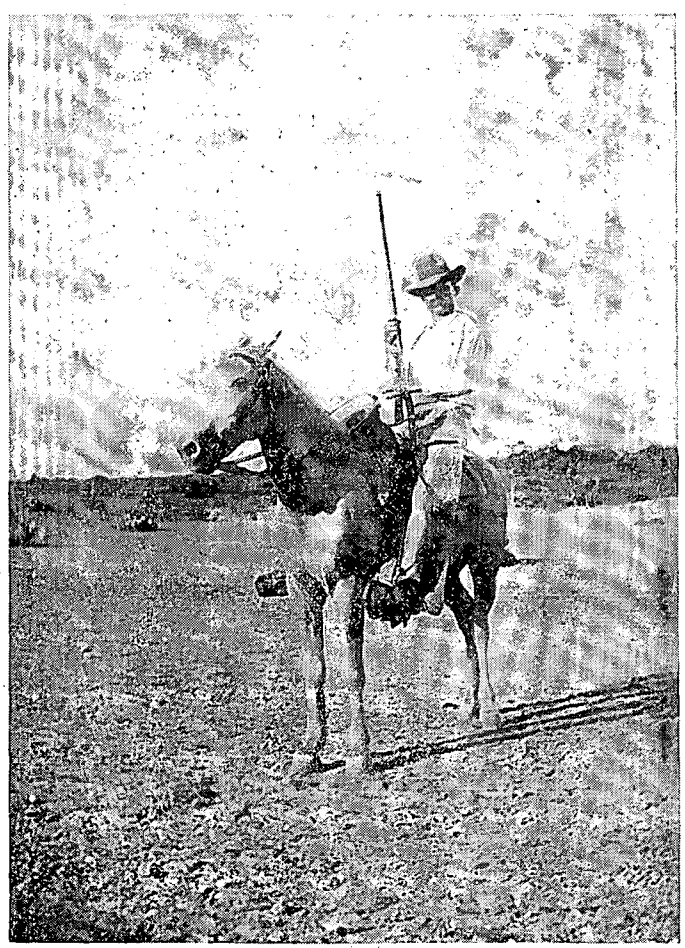
after day, his wife sometimes going for months without seeing another woman.

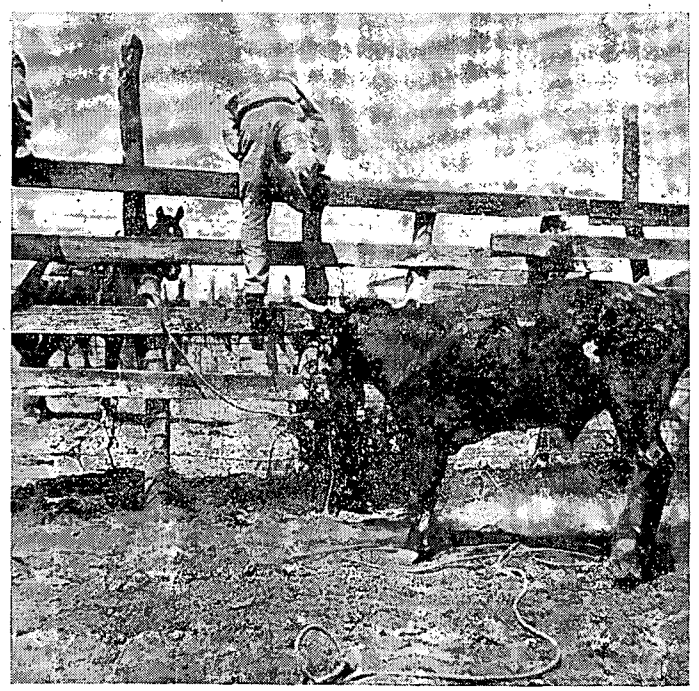
The pay of the *vaquero* averages $25 or $30 a month, "grub" furnished; about $10 a month more if he furnishes himself. "White" hands receive around $10 a month more than the Mexicans. The *cocinero* (cook) draws $5 more than the *vaquero*. A *jinete* (horse breaker) also draws a premium. The best way to keep ranch Mexicans satisfied is to give them plenty of meat, whether beef or *cabra* (goat). Many ranches in southwest Texas keep herds of common Mexican goats for the purpose of supplying meat.

A Mexican will leave a $35 job on a small ranch where meat and company are scarce to work for $25 a month on a big ranch where he can be with a "crowd" and get plenty of meat.

IN the land of the *vaquero* there is still, comparatively speaking, remoteness; there is still a kind of primitive simplicity in the ways of living and thinking. Hence the *vaquero* and *pastor* of today retain perhaps more than any other class of laborers the characteristic traits of their simple-lived forefathers. Life for them is almost as free of complexities as it was before the automobile, the radio, and labor unions were invented. Many of the young people of these pastoral families drift away, but those who remain on the ranch accept pretty much without question the stark simplicities that a life of hard labor to the soil requires—and rewards. True, the ranch Mexican now buys ready-made many of the things he used to make for himself; but the arts of weaving cinches out of horse mane, of fashioning *reatas* out of rawhide, of



The caporál or foreman of the vaqueros. The gun is only a badge of dignity and authority



This vaquero is getting out of the way

tanning buckskin, and of plaiting quirts and cow whips are not yet lost arts. He no longer burns cow chips to make soda, but he brews tea of the *ceniza* (a kind of sage) to cure inflammation of the chest, and tea of the San Nicolás herb affords a beverage as delectable to him as that of the Chinese herb is to any four-o'clock Englishman. He wants to sleep under a shingle roof and has become awkward at thatching with bear-grass, but he can trail a cow or any wild animal as unerringly as Comanche warrior ever trailed.

He may or may not speak English. The nearer he is to the Border and the bigger the ranch he works on the less English he hears, for the *Americanos* of the border ranches almost without exception talk Spanish, often interlarding their own language with racy Mexican idioms. These *Americanos,* being to the manner born, have, incidentally, few of the labor problems that bother newly-come farmers and tradesmen. The majority of ranch Mexicans—that is to say the men—can spell out simple print, but one who subscribes for even a weekly paper is a rare exception, and the *amo* (master) is frequently called upon to write letters for his dependents. The ranch Mexican's library is likely to be confined to an almanac, a book of dreams, and a pamphlet of testimonials and directions found wrapped around some bottle of patent medicine.

He may possess a cheap phonograph and a few records, but the best music he hears is what he and his *compañeros* make while singing in camp at night to the accompaniment of wailing coyotes. I wish I could describe the song of the *vaquero*. I cannot. It is a wail; it is, no matter what its theme, a note of sorrow, of something far, far away. It seems to go quivering up to the stars; it is wild; it is barbaric. It may be about a *ladino* (outlaw) steer roped out in the brush; it may be about a *caballo fragado* (broken down horse) that some *vaquero* has had to lead in; it may be the old and haunting *Golondrina* or the sad ballad of the *Cuatra Milpas*. Often it concerns itself with such heroes as Pancho Villa or some daring border smuggler killed by Texas rangers. The *vaquero* sings best after a big supper of fresh beef. Well filled with good meat, he must sing or bust.

He is full of stories about buried treasures, which priests

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and *gachupines* are usually somehow connected with and which are guarded by white *bultos,* clanking chains, eerie lights and other mysteries. If he does not know a witch, he knows of one. If he does not fear the evil eye, he respects it. If he or any of his family become very ill, he wants a doctor, but at the same time he yearns for a *curandéro* (a kind of quack that a whole essay would be required to picture forth). He is familiar with the habits of every creature of his soil. For him every hill and hollow has a personality and a name. He regards the stars; he watches the phases of the moon. He knows the name and virtue of every bush and herb. He is a child of nature; he is truly *un hombre del campo.*

Either despite or because of his nearness to nature, he is as insensible to the sufferings of nature's progeny as nature is herself. He will run his horse into thorns and then have no thought of pulling the thorns out; he will ride a thirsty horse within fifty yards of a water hole and unless he himself is thirsty will not turn aside. He will rub sand into the eyes of a wild cow that he has roped, though in this he is no more cruel than the average old-time cowpuncher. He will sit all day in the shade of his *jacal* and never offer to carry a bucket of water for his over-worked wife. Of course this picture is of averages; there are exceptions.

For all that, the *vaquero* is kind to his family, sets no limit to his hospitality, and probably goes beyond the average human being in faithfulness. He will divide his last *tortilla* with any stranger who happens by. He will take the side of his *amo,* if he likes him, against any Mexican that tries to do his *amo* an injustice. The reputation he has somehow acquired in literature for being treacherous is, I believe, altogether undeserved. Almost the best friend, outside of my family, that I have ever had is an old Mexican *vaquero.* Once when as a result of being thrown by a horse my back was wrenched this *vaquero* nursed me alone for days, rubbing in "Volcanic oil" and applying hot prickly pear poultices; he nursed too a few poor cattle that were about to die and ruin me. Many a time "out in the pasture" I have put my lips to the same water jug that he had drunk from; at the same time neither he nor I would think of his eating at the dining table with me.

Yet if he were in want, I should go far to try to relieve him; and if I were dying and he could by going to hell save me, he would go. Once, after he had been on our place for a quarter of a century or more and after our family had been away for years, I asked him if he were going to leave also. "No," he replied, *"yo tengo raizes aqui."* (I have roots here.) His name is Genardo del Bosque. I shall never forget him.

THE *pastor,* so far as nearness to nature and simplicity of character are concerned, is very much like the *vaquero.* He is, however, of a different order. The *vaquero* looks down upon him. Years of solitude with goats and sheep are calculated to make anybody "queer." Many *pastores* are not only queer and cranky but "cracked." In Colorado, so I have heard, there is a law against an employer keeping a man out alone with sheep or goats beyond a certain duration of time. The law is calculated to prevent lunacy. Whether it has succeeded I do not know.

The *pastor* is the chief of weather prophets. Snails, snakes, coyotes, buzzards—everything that creeps, crawls, or flies can be converted by him into a favorable sign of rain. He can tell by the way nanny goats treat their kids whether the season is to be drouthy or productive of forage. If the signs are not right, he "cuts," or quarters, the sky with his staff to make it rain.

In kidding season he can stake out two hundred kids in the morning and when the nannies come in at night place each stupid one with her proper offspring, though to an outsider the nannies and the kids all look as much alike as so many peas in a pod.

Goat- and sheep-proof fences, together with the extermination of predatory animals, are now making the *pastor's* occupation unnecessary in many places, for in a well-fenced pasture free of predatory animals, sheep and goats may be turned loose to roam at will. However, on the vast unfenced domain of New Mexico and other western states these animals are still in charge of *pastores.* Here the *pastor* wanders about with his flocks, camping for a while at one watering and then at another, all his goods packed on a burro or two or in a little wagon. He cannot absent himself from his charges for even a day, except at rare times when he may be relieved. At intervals his boss or the *vaciero* (man in charge of a number of sheep camps) brings supplies to him. A saying has it that "the best way to keep a *pastor* is to keep him in debt." In regions where herders are no longer required, Mexicans do an increasing amount of the labor incident to lambing, or kidding, and to shearing.

Very often the *pastor* has one or more dogs to aid him. His way of training these shepherd dogs is to take them while they are pups and let them suck a nanny or ewe. His hissings and yellings at his charges seem to one unaccustomed to hearing them outlandish and ludicrous; but the goats and sheep appear to understand them. Sometimes he mumbles to them for company; sometimes he mumbles to himself. If he had more sense, his life would be tragic; also, if he had more sense, he would not be a *pastor.* He hears a pair of mourning doves cooing at each other and the interpretation he gives of their cooing well enough expresses his own ideals.

Clay Statuette by Hidalgo

One dove says: "Coo-coo. *¿Qué quieres, pastor? qué quieres?"* (What do you want, pastor? what do you want?)

The answer is: *"Comer comas, comer comas."* (To eat coma berries, to eat coma berries.)

The coma is a thorned bush that bears a berry fit for birds and eaten by *pastores.* It is about the only fruit or delicacy that some *pastores* get. *Probrecitos!*

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Keglar Hill

By ROBERT H. MONTGOMERY

THIS is the story of Keglar Hill. It is in process of becoming the story of the cotton belt of Texas—a large chapter in the story of the state.

Thirty years ago Keglar Hill was fair among the thousands of prosperous cotton communities in rural Texas, with its three hundred souls, predominantly Anglo-American with a small sprinkling of German and Irish among them, its Methodist congregation counting over a hundred and fifty communicants, and its three-teacher school which was the pride of Caldwell county. Its black-waxy soil was prodigiously fertile, a cotton crop of a bale-to-the-acre being a good average yield.

Today Keglar Hill lives only in a few memories. Its school-house is a hay barn; its meeting house a mule stable. Its lands are leached and gullied and over-run by Johnson grass and tie vines. They rarely produce a quarter of a bale of cotton per acre. Its fine old homes are crumbling and shapeless, inhabited by an improvident foreign tenantry. The rush of strange years has carried its sons and grandsons to new lands and unaccustomed tasks. Keglar Hill as a way of life is gone. And this is the tale.

In 1860 Joe Keglar came down from the western hill country with his flock of sheep, and moved out onto the rolling black prairie on the border between Hays and Caldwell counties. The German farmers and American cattlemen had been encroaching upon his open range in the well-watered and wooded hill country. The prairie lands were still unfenced, largely unclaimed, and offered excellent pasturage for his flock and unlimited wild game for his larder. For five years Keglar and his sheep held unmolested possession over leagues of virgin black soil. A small hillock, whose ravines supplied water for his earthen tanks, and whose live oak motts furnished wood for his campfires and brush for a crude sheep pen, became known as Keglar Hill. Then a cattle company with vast holdings in southwest Texas secured title to a huge block of land in Keglar's range. Keglar went to his Fathers, but left his name to the community that came after.

In that same year a host of ragged soldiers returned to their homes in Georgia and Alabama and Mississippi. Once prosperous farmers found their homes in ashes, their livestock gone—"stolen" by Federal or "purchased" by Confederate troops, their implements worn and rusted and rotted away, their fences down, and their fields abandoned to weeds and wild grasses. A labor force in the intoxication of a new and untried status, and a batch of worthless paper money offered slight inducement for the bitter task of rebuilding an economic order.

Under such conditions many of the younger men turned their faces toward the fabled lands of the Southwest. In 1872 two of these, from Alabama, after four years of dubious fortune in the older farming communities of Hays county, moved into the vicinity of Keglar Hill. Each purchased a hundred acres of land for one dollar an acre, cash, and two hundred acres at two dollars an acre, credit. For several years that was the established price in the locality.

For the next two years these pioneers were busy at the customary frontier tasks of building fences (cedar rails had to be hauled thirty miles, since the prairie country did not supply adequate fencing material), constructing crude houses and barns, digging wells, and clearing land for their plows.

In 1874-75 a number of families joined the Keglar Hill pioneers. Three of these newcomers were German families from the established and prosperous German communities in Comal county. Two were direct from England. One bore the singular name of O'Kelley; and a half dozen were of the same Scotch-Irish stock as the two original settlers. A count in 1880 would have shown about one hundred native white persons in the community. By 1890 this number had doubled. By 1895 it had reached its maximum of approximately three hundred, where it stood until about the close of the century, then rapidly declined.

Some of the first settlers bought large blocks of land, as much as two or three sections. But the more prevalent holdings were 160 to 320 acres. The price of land advanced very slowly during the 'seventies and 'eighties, reaching twenty dollars an acre by 1895.

(*Continued on page* 193)

The Receding Nordics

WHAT becomes of the displaced individuals is one of the least known phases of the displacement of American-white farmers by the tenant Mexicans. In the following table Professor Montgomery shows the occupational distribution of those now living who were residents of Keglar Hill between 1890 and 1900. A half dozen individuals could not be traced.

MEN		WOMEN	
Cotton farmers	13	Housewives, in towns and cities	39
a. In new cotton territory	10	Housewives, in country	11
b. In old cotton territory	3	Teachers	10
a. Landowners	9	Boardinghouse keepers	5
b. Tenants	4	Nurses	4
Farmers, other than cotton	4	Clerks	3
Retired farmers	6	Stenographers	1
Doctors	6	Preachers	1
Unskilled laborers, town	5	Mental incompetents	3
Ranchmen	4	Total	77
Merchants	4		
Preachers	4		
U. S. Civil Service employes	3		
Lawyers	3		
Insurance agents	3		
Clerks	3		
Salesmen, Ginners, Cotton seed breeders, Civil engineers and Carpenters (2 each)	10		
Garageman, filling station operator, Hotel keeper, Editor, Music dealer, Politician, Town Mayor, Expressman, Military man, and mental incompetent (1 each)	10		
Total	78		

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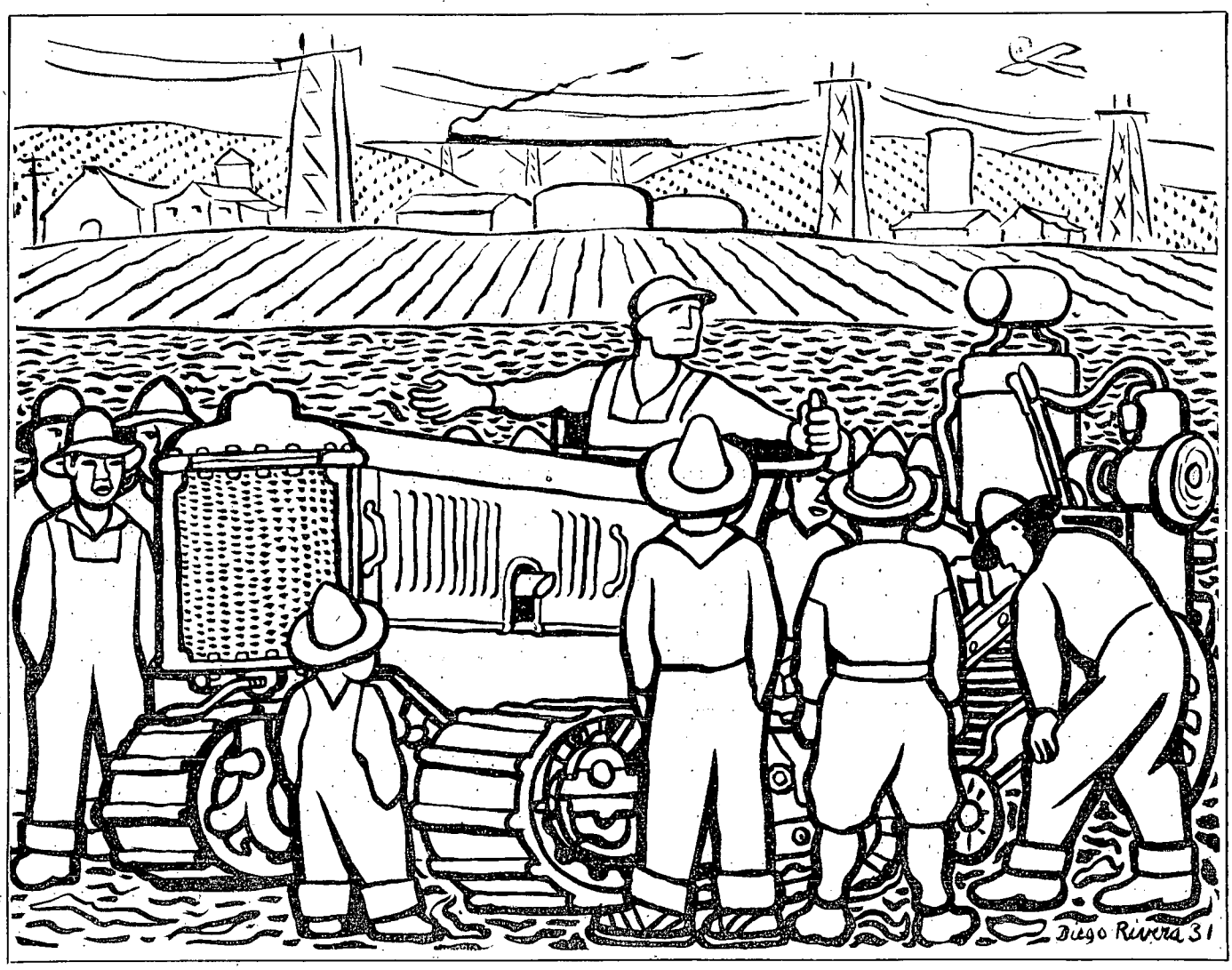

THE MEXICAN COMES TO THE LAND OF GREAT TOOLS

Drawn for Survey Graphic by
DIEGO RIVERA

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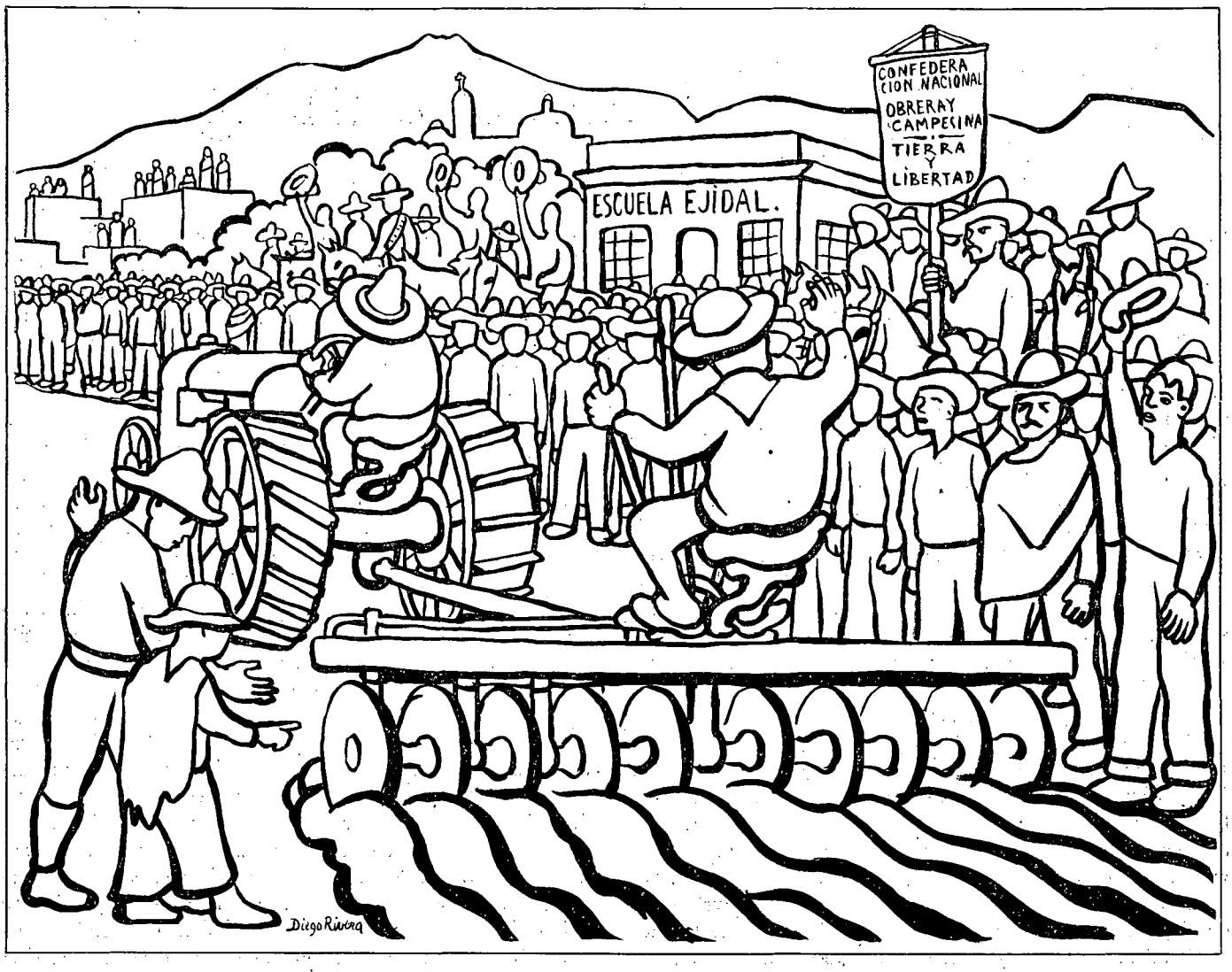

And Takes Some of Them Back Home with Him

On succeeding pages the ranking archaeologist of Spanish America, director of the great regional survey of the Valley of Teotihuacan, deals with the racial and cultural contacts between the two peoples in the light of his extensive study of Mexican immigration to the United States. His associate and translator, an American journalist, gives us at first hand the return of the Mexican immigrant to his native town.

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Migration and Planning

By MANUEL GAMIO

THE old-fashioned alchemist, ignorant of the properties of elements and compounds alike, mixed his substances by chance, and exposed them indiscriminately to the action of heat, humidity or other physical agents, or subjected them to magical ceremonies. The modern chemist understands the properties and proportions of substances that must be employed to produce certain combinations, and can foretell the distinctive characteristics of their products.

An analogy exists in the contacts of peoples who are the raw materials in social chemistry. Until very recently they have mingled in an empirical manner, ignorant of their own characteristics as well as of those of resulting mixtures. The modern social sciences now permit one to know, at least in part, the distinctive characteristics of human groups. With this knowledge and by analyzing the conditions under which historical fusions have taken place, means might be found to assure more satisfactory results.

Thus, in Mexico, from the 16th century to the end of the 18th, a partial social and cultural fusion took place between Indians and Spaniards. In general these contacts were deficient for they were not harmoniously consummated, that is, not according to the best interests of both groups. They were to the detriment of the native and the advantage of the Spaniard, as was true at that time of contacts between conquering and the conquered races. After Mexico wrested her independence from Spain, the walls that had isolated her from other countries were broken down but the mixture with new racial and cultural elements did not take place in a more satisfactory manner than in Colonial times. During the last thirty years, the situation has been complicated even more by the absorption, substitution, or rejection of cultural characteristics of the American type, on the part of masses of Mexican migrants who shuttle between the two countries. Now that principles and methods of sociology, anthropology, economy and psychology are established, and permit of some expectation of success in our approach to the phenomena of social contacts, it would be very advisable for Mexicans to study the two epochs afresh from this angle.

More, Americans and Mexicans should jointly investigate the contacts resulting from Mexican immigration to the end that future contacts of their cultures might be made to take place in a manner favorable to the migratory masses as well as to the inhabitants of the regions where these go, preventing as far as possible the racial antagonisms and shocks which frequently occur between them. This would be of great importance to the peaceful relations between the two great racial groups occupying America, these of Anglo-Saxon descent and those of Indo-Iberic.

During the last thirty years the United States has played the part of a giant university in which more than a million Mexicans, for the most part poor and unschooled, have gained a free practical education of great importance; consisting not of reading and writing but of learning to live on a higher scale. In food standards, they today eat meat and milk; they have better furniture and clothing. They have learned to operate machinery and use modern tools. They have become acquainted with sports and hygienic practices. Returning to their homeland many of them have contributed a great deal to the progress the country has made in recent times.

Unfortunately the other side of the picture is less bright. These same Mexicans have suffered bitterly as a result of racial and social prejudices of which they are victims during their stay in American territory. Traditionally and deeply sensitive, they remember with satisfaction their cultural advancement, but at the same time nurse a deep resentment of the bad treatment they have otherwise received.

The American employer esteems the Mexican exclusively for his value as a workman and because he sometimes accepts low wages. The American worker is naturally hostile to the Mexicans because they are competitors. The average American (with the exception of social workers or members of churches), who is neither employer nor worker but simply an observer, generally feels an aversion toward the Mexican of the immigrant class. Proof of this was the unnecessary and inopportune Harris bill project which hurt the sensibilities of Mexico and Latin America by seeking to establish a quota in spite of the fact that, as later developments have shown, the same results can be achieved without injuring Mexican dignity. The difficult labor situation in the United States will not last forever. When conditions improve Mexican immigration will again increase because it is an economic benefit to various regions of the United States. The respective American and Mexican attitudes, if nothing is done to mollify them, will remain the same and in fact become stronger. The Mexican attitude may extend itself to the South, and lead to dangerous and unnecessary misunderstandings between Latin America and the United States.

MY belief is that if steps were taken to prevent all permanent immigration, such conflicts could be avoided. It is the indefinite residence in the United States of the Mexican immigrant that produces these inevitable racial shocks, social discriminations, and cultural antagonisms. With transitory or temporary immigration, the immigrant would be busy working in the short time he is in the United States. Cultural antagonisms would continue, not through the fault of the Mexican immigrant who absorbs many American cultural characteristics, but through the fault of the American, who through ignorance or indifference generally does not understand that the Mexican immigrant neither can, is willing to, nor should, completely and radically abandon his cultural inheritance, defective though it may be. While the culture of the Mexican immigrant is unprogressive from the American standpoint, it has certain fundamental qualities of great value, for it is an autochthonous culture, bred uninterruptedly in the course of thousands of years, by the same group of people, upon the same soil, under the same sky, and within the same natural environment. Results are the

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innate artistic gifts of the Mexican, spontaneously expressed in music, painting, or plastic arts, and his patience and manual skill which places a personal stamp upon whatever he does. These and many other qualities should not be ignored by the American; and if they were encouraged and stimulated instead of antagonized, the labor the Mexican performs would prove much more satisfactory.

The immigrant is uncommunicative, hermetic, and of a sad exterior aspect; his poverty may make him seem unworthy of attention. Nevertheless under this exterior exist qualities which nature has selected down the long ages, but which unfavorable life conditions, in the United States and even in Mexico, have not yet permitted to blossom and bear fruit.

Such studies of social contacts fall within the larger opportunity for research presented in Mexico, and to a degree in regions where there are Mexican immigrants. Here before they have irrevocably disappeared, we have materials of incalculable value for objective appraisal of how human civilization has developed at various stages of its evolution.

When an effort is made to investigate how the integral evolution of a civilization such as that of the United States or Europe has come about, one meets with serious difficulties because it is no longer possible to discover what the character and mechanism of the early levels of that civilization were. The level that can best be studied in any case is of course the present one in which we live, for we can observe directly and in the living individuals the biological, psychological and social processes that give rise to their cultural traits. When we turn to the historic phases of the cultural levels of these same people we can make use of architectural remains, museum objects, manuscripts and books which tell us something indirectly as to these processes. But their dynamic functioning can no longer be observed since they are no longer alive. A conception of the archeological phase of their cultural levels is still harder to gain for with but few exceptions manuscripts and books do not exist; and of prehistoric peoples we know still less since their remains consist of a few relics whose meaning we are obliged to interpret in a more or less conventional manner.

The cultural level of an existing civilization is dynamic, active, and eloquent, while past levels are static, passive, and in many cases without meaning, so that it is not only impossible to know their true characteristics, but also the interesting moments or transition-periods when humanity takes a forward step.

Among the Indo-Iberic peoples and principally in Mexico it is still possible to investigate dynamically at the present moment the evolution of human culture which in other countries took place at various epochs in the past. Certain minor Mexican social groups belong to the modern civilization or culture of the western type, the highest present cultural level of human evolution. At the other end of the scale exists another group formed by the Tarahumaras, Seris, Lacandones, who from many points of view may be considered at the most primitive levels of present-day humanity; or if you will, as prehistoric. Between these two extremes are such native groups as the Huicholes, Mixes, Yaquis, Mixtecs, Zapotecs, Tarascans, Aztecs, and others, whose cultural characteristics correspond to various archeological or historical periods of other living races. In these groups may be observed not only the cultural development which each represents, but also the transition stages by which groups rise from one to another.

The full understanding of these social processes might perhaps furnish practical means for assuring a cultural evolution, as all these groups integrate in the future, more satisfactory than the haphazard manner in which it has taken place in the past. Without falling into a paradox, it might be said that while it is impossible for obvious reasons to correct the cultural processes that have taken place in other countries at various past evolutionary stages, in Mexico these could be corrected; for although they belong culturally to a past epoch, they are chronologically modern and dynamic.

The Emigrant Comes Home

By EMMA REH STEVENSON

PETE CALOCA, Americanized and proud of it, came home from the United States not because he wanted to but because there was no work. He is one of a large number. Home was Irapuato which is in the *bajio* of Guanajuato where the best songs and the best grain come from. It is more than a fair example of the type of town which has sent many immigrants north across the Border and which is now receiving them back. It is not an especially picturesque town, does not attract tourists and its contacts with the United States have been mostly through its own nationals.

That is why I went there, and with this introduction let me pick up his story as he told it to me. After fourteen years in the States he still has a strong accent, as Mexicans do who live among their own kind, and his grammar is the usual immigrant variety.

The boy Pedro began work at the age of ten in an iron foundry on the outskirts of Irapuato, first for nothing for a period of six months, and then at twenty *centavos* a day on a ten-hour shift. It was when he was sixteen years old and had held several other jobs, that Pancho Villa came with his army to camp in Irapuato and curse General Obregon across the plains in Celaya, where later the fiercest battle in the Mexican Revolution was fought. Everybody left town that could, and when one day Villa let a train go north, Pedro was on it with the little money his family could scrape together. He went to El Paso, thence to St. Louis, where some fellow Irapuateños got him a job. In due time he sent for his brothers, and later for his parents for the revolutions in Mexico continued. At eighteen he married a Mexican girl, also from Irapuato, and when his second child was born his wife died. His children are now with his parents and brothers in Saint Louis.

Pete, as he's called today, had been back in Irapuato for a month trying to find something to do. There were no jobs to be had in the United States, he said. He found none in Irapuato. His various boyhood employers had no place for

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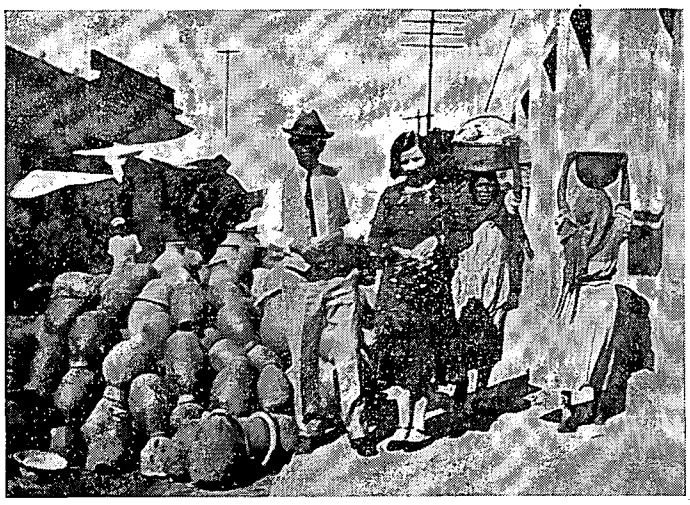

Pete Caloca, returned immigrant, Irapuato

him. And nevertheless Irapuato is a flourishing town, for Mexico. It is a railroad center from which trains depart north, south, east and west. It has leather tanneries, shoe factories, flour mills, canning plants, an iron foundry, and a new cigarette factory. It used to have also the biggest carriage works in the entire country, but when Pancho Villa took the horses he ruined the business. When Irapuato recovered, automobiles came in. Most Irapuato industries, as in the rest of the Republic, are foreign-owned, American, English, Spanish or German. It is these that are now asked to employ the returned laborers.

Irapuato has about 20,000 inhabitants and eighteen fine large carved stone churches. The bandstand on one of its plazas was long ago replaced by an insufficient town water-tank as a mark of modern progress. Every church has its devout stream of young and aged, men and women, kneeling, confessing, and praying. For the rest, the town is almost entirely one-storied. Beauty is reserved for within, and through every doorway may be seen a stone-flagged *patio,* sunlit, and filled with pots of flowers and cages of birds. Out of the *cantinas* come the sounds of guitars, and soldiers on duty stop to listen. Windows of homes have the lower panes covered with lace through which may be seen the golden flash of the ubiquitous American brass bed—if the family is not too poor. In many cases it is used only for company, or to die on. The room has its colored prints of virgins and saints, its artificial flowers in a land of so many real ones, its candles, and generally its sewing machine. Kitchens are still very much Stone Age. There are stone *metates* for grinding corn, clay *comallis* for baking *tortillas,* homemade charcoal stoves, tall jugs of water brought from some distant fountain, and lots of lovely round brown gleaming pottery shapes baked in some village oven.

But among the Indian and Spanish wares, there is a great deal of American. Middle-class homes and hotels have cheap manufactured chairs, not nearly as good looking as the native Indian chairs with their seats of rush or colored fiber. Hardware shops have homemade tin bath tubs imitating the more expensive imported American ones, and the show-windows are full of American dishes and cutlery, of the cheaper class. The better grocery stores are almost completely stocked with American goods and one can easily imagine oneself at a Piggly Wiggly back home.

The lower-class trade is all concentrated at the native market or *puestos* that line and litter the streets facing the parochial church. Burros bring in backloads of pottery packed in hay, and water jugs for the precious water are piled three or four feet high. There are stacks of bamboo bird cages, piles of fruits and foods, stalls draped with ten-cent-store ribbons and laces from the United States (but chosen to please the Mexican color sense). There are flaring baskets for carrying loads on the back, and other long slim cylindrical ones which smeared with cowdung and baited with sugar-water, serve as bee-hives, after the manner of the Tarascans, ancient inhabitants of Irapuato. A native drug store displays hundreds of different dried herbs, seeds, nuts, flowers, roots, seashells, dried bugs, decayed birds, bones, animals' parts, and other things guaranteed to cure everything from colic to evil eye and unrequited love.

Pete was embarrassed before me by all the very Mexican things. Also Irapuato's mule-drawn street car irritated him, and gladly would he have traded every Mexican *patio* for an American front yard. In fact everything a tourist might consider picturesque or curious, he felt ashamed of. He wanted to show off his English not only to me but to his fellow townsmen. He urged me not to take snapshots of the shining pottery. The police ought to make the Indians keep those things in their yards and houses, he said, and highly recommended the new cigarette factory as a thing to photograph. As for the mule-power street car, he would—rather ride a burro.

Pete does not mean to high-hat his fellow citizens, but he does wish they would show some progress. They irritate him, and even more he them. He loves Irapuato, but with disillusioned eyes. Perhaps it loves him the same way. It calls him *gringo,* the term it uses for a Mexican who puts on American airs.

"Business is worse here than it has been in twenty years," said one American business man, established at Irapuato for more than a quarter of a century, who can be called Mr. Smith. Many Mexicans have come back to Irapuato, he said, asking him for jobs. But times are hard and he is running six-hour shifts. To his mind Mexicans are better workmen when they come back from the United States. While watching a road gang work near town, he said to the foreman, "Two of those men have been to the U. S. A."

"Yes," the foreman answered, "How do you know?"

"By the way they shovel dirt. Those two lift a shovelful, take a step forward, and throw it clear across the road. The rest do the same thing in two operations.

"You can also tell how many times a Mexican has been to the United States," Smith told me, "and mainly by the way he dresses. The first time he goes up barefooted or in *huaraches,* white cotton pajamas and straw sombrero. He comes back wearing brogans and overalls. The second time he comes back, he wears

The street-car conductor

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better shoes, has a cheap suit, and the straw sombrero has given way forever to a small American felt hat. After another trip he comes back a regular dude.

"They lose a lot of their Americanization after they return," he went on. "The pressure of being different gets too great to resist; but they never go back entirely to what they were. They never go barefoot again, or even wear *huaraches*.

"Every Mexican ought to go at least once to the United States," he said. "It is the best education in the world for them."

"Do you yourself hire many Mexican workers who have come back from the United States?" I asked.

"To tell you the honest truth," he answered, "I don't. I don't like to employ them once they have been there. They get too smart. They like to show off, and they talk to the other workmen and spoil them. One of my former men just came back and asked me for a job and I wouldn't give him one because he talked to me in English. I wouldn't give any Mexican a job who talked back to me in English when I address him in Spanish. I consider that a sign of disrespect. They are not like they used to be."

If a returned emigrant like Pete can not get a job in a factory, could he take up farming near his home town? A visit to several *haciendas* near Irapuato showed me what a single man on his own might be up against. The sugar cane needed rain, and the corn was in danger of parching. This was the rainy season but it had been a rainless week with a burning sun. There were two wells on one *hacienda,* deep round stone-lined holes that tapped an underground stream into ditches dug around the fields. "There is plenty of water," said the owner, explaining the geology of the distant blue ridges, "but it is all underground, and it has to be dug for." Electric wires had been strung from Irapuato's power system, expensive machinery was doing the pumping, and half a dozen peons were attending. A one-man farm trusting only to the fickle clouds that floated above seemed like an insecure proposition, and one man could not dig for water.

SO Pete wanted to go to Mexico City. He had never been to the nation's capital, and thought he would have a better chance of finding a job there. Thousands of returning emigrants think practically the same thing. He is dead broke. He says he would do anything. His eyes are a little desperate, after one month. One almost thinks of revolution on account of his eyes.

Entirely by accident Mr. Smith came by while I was talking to Pete. Pete greeted him in English, proudly. Mr. Smith almost ignored him. When he was gone the American said, "That's the fellow I was telling you about who wanted his job back."

There is another type among the returned emigrants—Jesús Delgado, for example, conductor of the mule-drawn street car that gives Pete such a pain. Jesús is older, and although he has been to the United States five different times, he is not nearly so Americanized. When he collects the five-cent fare, he touches his hat, hoping you'll have a pleasant ride. He is not a misfit. He radiates Mexican sunshine, and has a fine job. He wears good Irapuato shoes, Irapuato cotton trousers, and an American style shirt, though it may have been made at home. It is neatly buttoned at the neck, and properly tucked in at the bottom, although he was twenty-one before ever he wore his shirt tails in. However, on top of his American shirt he wears an open Mexican one, loosely

Music is plentiful and water scarce in Irapuato

linked over his ample chest by one button, and tied by the tails over his stomach in front.

Jesús is proud of the gallant little mule-car that lopes over the cobbles and gets off the track at every other turn in the street. With the cooperation of the male passengers, minus Pete, he puts it lovingly back on the track when it runs off, like the Toonerville Trolley. Jesús was a little older than Pedro when he first went to the United States.

Irapuato, like similar towns in Guanajuato, Michoacan, and Jalisco, Mexican states from which the large majority of immigrants have come, has seen the tragic return of entire trainloads since the depression set in in the United States. The Mexican government gives them free rides, finding them places to sleep, and feeding them, until they get to where they think they may find a job. Most of them want to come to Mexico City, a centric movement which worries some of the officials. In the spring of 1930, the Mexican Bureau of Migrations of the Ministry of the Interior established offices at the strategic points of Irapuato, Saltillo, Monterrey, Torreon and Guadalajara, for the better handling of immigrant traffic, and for the diversion of those who through ignorance may still have illusions about entering the United States.

Americanization of Mexico by immigration has not been studied in a systematic way, but Americanization of Mexico is coming about by various channels. Most people believe that with the new international highway opening to American motor tourists, the end of Mexico as Mexican will have come. Native markets are already full of five-and-ten cent store articles where a decade ago there used only to be home-made Indian things. In the remotest corners, the American influence is felt. Even the saints are not immune. In a little Aztec town a painted wooden figure of Santiago in his old Spanish scarlet, gold, and red and blue mantle wears loud tan American shoes with bulging tips. Under his gold-braided robe American garters hold up his American socks.

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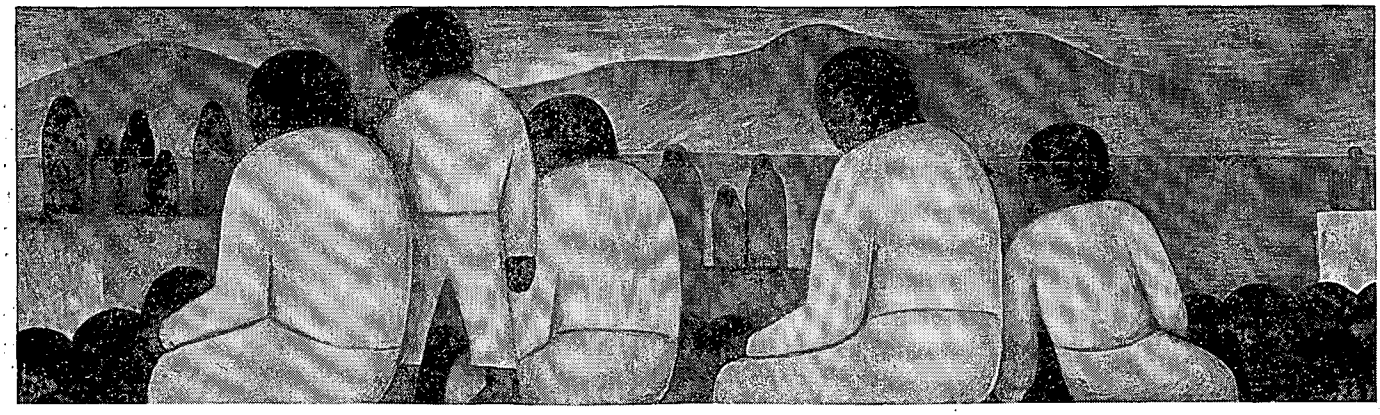
Fellowship in Revolution

The Life of the People

By Diego Rivera

Photographs by Tina Modotti

These frescoes, from the series in the Public Education Building in Mexico City, stand as the great interpretation of the Revolution—of Mexico in all its phases by a man who speaks for the workers in every foot of the wall space. They are sculptural in feeling and the technique is made for the subject. There is an intense poignancy and drama in them but always subservient to the sense of form and color. The Indian strain in artist and people sets them off from interpretations of the European peasant, and there are none of the gay colors of the Russian folk dancers. These you feel to be heavy, some way a part of the soil and of the mine. It is as though the earth itself spoke. H. H.



The peon looks out at the land he hopes to possess some day

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Into the mines. One of the many frescoes interpreting labor

The rhythm of the peasant's song

As the gargoyle to the cathedral

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WHY MAKE MEXICO AN EXCEPTION?

By Chester H. Rowell

"We have adopted certain principles for our immigration policy in general. How do these apply to Mexico?" A Californian answers.

WHEN our quota law for European immigration and our exclusion laws for Asiatic immigration were passed, a vacuum was deliberately created at the bottom of our industrial system. We thereby determined either that this vacuum should remain and that industry should adjust itself to it, or that it should somehow be filled. Actually, of course, our policy since has been a hodge-podge of both principles.

Some of our industries have adjusted themselves, by labor-saving machinery and higher wages. Others have filled the vacancy with Negroes from the South—whence Harlem and De Priestville. Others, like the railway track work and hot-weather agriculture of the Southwest, have depended on Mexicans. With the pressure of economic and political conditions in Mexico and the suction of this labor vacuum in the United States, Mexican immigration was bound to continue and increase unless artificially checked. The question is whether we want this vacuum filled, and if so, from what source.

Just to get the work done, we do not have to fill it. There is no work in America which Englishmen do not do in England, Frenchmen in France and Germans in Germany, or that our fathers did not do in America. We may not want to do it, but we can. Moreover, American ingenuity devises machinery for whatever work men are too scarce or expensive to do. Our hewers of wood and drawers of water are a push-button and a faucet. The steam shovel, the drill, the carrier belt, the gangplow and the combined harvester have already replaced a whole army of laborers. For such of these tasks as may remain, there are still American Negroes available to whom unskilled industrial labor would be a promotion. The industrialization of agriculture is releasing another large body of American white labor. If we choose to adhere rigidly to the policy of not filling the place formerly supplied by immigrants from southeastern Europe, it is quite within the flexibility of American industry as a whole to adjust itself. Our problem is likely to be, not to find more workers, but to employ those we have.

Or, if we were to change that policy, there are three sources to consider—Europe, Asia and Mexico. Two of these present the race problem, which America has so far met only by the un-American institution of caste. We have limited Europeans, on political and economic grounds, and excluded Asiatics by reason of race. But in the post-war years we admitted Mexicans, almost without limit, to whom all of these objections apply!

If we are to consider the future make-up of our population, and admit only those whom we are willing to accept as co-grandfathers of our grandchildren, then the only place, if any, to relax our policy toward would be Europe. In that direction we have rightly made assimilability the test. Those who assimilate quickly, we admit as liberally as present economic conditions permit. We admit more slowly those whose assimilation is slower. But even as to these, the problem is temporary. Most of it disappears in one generation and all of it in two. If it were needed economically, we could ultimately absorb all of this immigration.

Or, if we were to ignore the human side, and measure men only as sources of profit, then the place to look would be Asia. The Chinese coolie is the ideal human mule. He will turn less food into more work, with less trouble, than any other domestic animal. He does not even plague us with his progeny. His wife and children are in China, and he returns there himself when we no longer need him. He can be rented wholesale, by the dozen or the hundred, thus eliminating the human factor. If that is what we want, China is the place to get it.

Mexican immigration is subject to both these objections. The Mexican peon is racially as alien as the Chinese coolie, and is not so good a workman. He is culturally less assimilable than the Balkan peasant, and our grandchildren will make of his grandchildren a caste apart. The Mexican peon is not a "white" man. He is an Indian. He embodies no part of that fine Latin-American culture which charms visitors to Mexico City. He is a selection downward, from the bottom of Mexican life, to fill a place below the bottom of our own. It is not a question of enriching our Anglo-Puritan tradition with a warmer Mexican spirit, as it has already been enlivened by our Irish, German and Latin elements. That is not the sort of Mexicans that our farmers and railroads want, or that Mexican poverty extrudes. It is a sort that fills no place which Chinese coolies could not fill better, and which presents, in even greater degree, the objections which led us to exclude those coolies.

IF there are exceptions to the sweepingness of this conclusion, an extension of the quota system to Mexico would more than cover them. Nobody proposes that there shall be no Mexicans in the United States. There is a considerable army of them here now, and the quota would annually let in more. The real needs of the Imperial Valley and Arizona farmers, the desert railroads, and others who need Mexicans not because they are cheaper but because they are better, could readily be met. If the quota system could include a selection upward instead of downward, it would help us judge Mexico by better representatives of its civilization. That would make for good neighborliness.

Of course the strict logic would be to include Mexico in the Asiatic and Canada in the European system, so long as we maintain the distinction between them at all, since the only excuse for the existence of two systems is racial, and Canada is on the European and Mexico on the Asiatic side of that category. However, I would be practical, and treat Canada more liberally than Europe, and Mexico more liberally than Asia, thus recognizing neighborhood as a modifying element.

If our general immigration laws are wrong, they should be changed. If they are right, our Mexican policy should be made to conform to them. The same argument in principle applies of course to much of South America, also, but it is unimportant in practice since immigration from these countries is negligible.

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WITHOUT BENEFIT OF LOBBY

By Ernest Galarza

"For a moment an immigrant has the floor: and though he does not speak with authority, he speaks as one from the mill."

THE Mexican came over the Border in response to an economic urge. His cheap labor made possible a large part of the progress of the American Southwest in the last twenty years. He was cheap and he was laborious.

The small lettuce grower of Imperial Valley and the Southern Pacific Railroad were equally glad to have him. In the beet fields of Colorado in 1929 and 1930, the average earnings per family for a year were $600, many of these families having from five to seven children, all or most of whom worked in the fields. In the fruit orchards and truck gardens of the San Joaquin Valley wages for piecework have been so low at times that a ten-hour day netted an able-bodied worker seventy-five cents to a dollar and his meals, which I hope never to be compelled to eat again. In spite of the work of the California Housing Commission, housing conditions are still bad in that state. From Los Angeles to Denver and from San Diego to the Willamette, families average from five to nine persons to a room—when rooms are available. Otherwise, they average from five to nine to a tent pitched on the side of the county highway and on the leeward side of the dilapidated Ford. Water for washing, bathing, cooking and drinking comes from the irrigation canal, downstream from the watering place for the livestock. In the winter these same families crowd the poorest districts, living in condemned shacks or make-shift hovels. A typical quarter of this kind can be visited by the tourist at any time on the Yolo County side of the M Street bridge of the capital city of California. But the visitor must go with his breastplate of righteousness in place, for he is apt to see what I saw: a young woman lying on a cot in a one-room shack, a new-born infant in her arms, two babies crawling on the littered floor, the family dinner on a porcelain pan on the floor, a puppy and several dozen flies quarreling over the dinner and two more youngsters dozing in the corner. The father was out waiting for the pear picking to begin. He had been waiting six weeks.

Mexican children in the West, however, do not spend all their time dozing. Thus, ten-year-olds will do a ten-hour stretch hoeing or weeding or thinning. At twelve the boys wrestle with eighty-pound lugs or sacks or crates. At half that age both boys and girls are allowed to go into the hop fields and pull down the hot, sticky vines which their elders will pick. And since the hop season is short the youngsters go out at dawn, work until noon, return at two or shortly after and stop at five o'clock. In these varied occupations a child ten years or under will earn from ninety to one hundred and twenty dollars in a year's work.

It is about these things that the Mexican would talk if he spoke out. But he is inarticulate. And for three reasons.

He is inarticulate because he is disorganized. And he is disorganized because he is a seasonal worker. He has practically no sense of belonging to a community. His closest friends will be hundreds of miles away from one week to the next. He is a primitive unit, he and his family. Then, he dare not organize. His experience in the Imperial Valley teaches him the meaning of criminal syndicalism laws. He knows that to form a union in order to back up a demand for better wages or shorter hours in order to live more decently can be interpreted to mean "interfering with the harvesting of the melon crop."

The Mexican is inarticulate because he is discredited. He has been consistently painted as a representative of a degenerate Indian stock. Aside from the trifling fact that this Indian contributed the land upon which the Nordic now grows his beets and rears his Hoover Dam, whatever contribution he might make to contemporary life in the artistic and aesthetic fields is immediately discounted as being out of keeping with the "practical" spirit of the times.

The Mexican is inarticulate because he is disillusioned. If he came with high hope he remains with a resigned disappointment. He is without benefit of lobby; and although he does not know the meaning of the word, he does know that he has to do without that which lobbies—at least successful ones—get. He is what John Dewey might call a pathetic public with its tragic problem.

For these reasons the Mexican can not and does not speak. Occasionally he has his defenders. When Congress threatens to restrict immigration from the southern republic, those who employ him long and cheaply jump to his defence. He is pictured as *persona absolutamente grata*. He is musical—"he usually plays the guitar"; he is a family man—"he does not abuse his woman"; he is "a man, rough diamond though he be" as W. H. Kirkbride of the Southern Pacific Company put it.

BUT this in testimony serving other ends. The Mexican immigrant would look elsewhere for a statement of his case. He would look to his government; but his government is busy getting back to "normalcy." It cannot risk diplomatic complications. He might almost look to the American Federation of Labor; but its leaders in California, respectable and a little tired, have stated that the surest way of avoiding a civilization of masters and servants is to kick the Mexican out. Lastly, the Mexican would look to the social worker; and here he finds some comfort but no permanent aid. The social worker stays by the immigrant, grits her teeth and like her charge, wonders.

But the Mexican immigrant in the United States has more than just a human claim to be heard. He is needed to move thousands of crates of lettuce, melons, deciduous fruits and other perishables from the field to the box cars and thence to the markets. The biggest tribute that has been paid to his part in the economic life of the West was the panic which spread among his employers when restriction of immigration threatened. Restriction is not now an issue; restriction is here in fact if not in law. But there are hundreds of thousands of Mexicans in the United States who are producing goods and rendering services. They are maladjusted. Their problem is worthy of serious attention. Must the Mexican be satisfied with the pragmatic solution of the gang boss in a California pear orchard? To a young Mexican who had asked for a job, he said: "When we want you, we'll call you; when we don't—git."

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Goodbye, Vicente!

By ROBERT N. McLEAN

"*Donde vas, Vicente?*" (Where are you going, Vicente?)
"*¡Donde va la Gente!*" (I am going with the crowd!)

IT'S a handy little proverb, made in Mexico, and always used to hit off the gregarious tendencies of the Mexican people; in fact, the herd habits of *any* people. It might well have been quoted a dozen years ago when the tide of Mexican labor surged northward across the Rio Grande in answer to our frantic calls for help. And it is a proverb which may well be used now to describe the southbound movement of Mexicans: a movement which started early in the fall; swelled to mass proportions in January, and which probably has not yet reached its full crescendo. Vicente is going home!

On Monday, the sixth of April, I crossed the bridge from El Paso, Texas, into Juarez. On both sides of the street in front of the immigration office were parked the cars of homesick Mexicans; Mexicans who had picked cotton near Phoenix, melons in the Imperial Valley, grapes about Fresno. On one side of the street I counted thirteen cars, most of them battered Fords, and every car carried a California license. Loaded in the cars, upon the running boards, on racks behind, on bumpers in front, and even on the tops, was a motley and ill-arranged display of every conceivable thing which a family might collect as part of a housekeeping equipment. There were beds, bed-springs, mattresses, washtubs, cooking utensils, washboards, trunks, cots, tents, tent-poles, bedding; and a-top one of the loads was a crate of live chickens. Up at the customs house, the very courteous little Mexican stenographer with whom I chatted, told me all about the chickens. "Yes, they bring their animals!" she exclaimed, throwing up her hands in a gesture of despair. "They bring their dogs and their cats and their chickens, and yesterday a man brought a live goat. I ask them why they bring their chickens, and they say it is so they will have something to eat by the road!"

Vicente has acquired an automobile in the United States. It may not be much of a car, but it will run, and he has set his heart upon driving it over the trail that leads at last to the little town where he was born. No inconsiderable part of the movement back to Mexico is being propelled by gasoline.

It has been a long time since I heard the song, "I've reached the land of corn and wine!" But I heard it sung in Spanish in Juarez; heard it from laughing, brown-eyed children sitting upon rolls of bedding; heard it from patient wives and mothers, waiting in the cars for their husbands to conclude the tedious details of emigration; heard it from the men themselves as they tarried in their work of re-loading to tell me why they were going home. And as I talked with them, while I was pretty sure about the wine, there grew up in my mind serious doubts about the corn. But you can say this for Vicente. He hasn't had a real job for months. His children have eaten the bread of charity. He hardly knows where he is going, and he has forgotten what Mexico is like. But his heart is singing, and he is sure that everything is going to be all right.

One man had been in the United States thirteen years, and had four fine girls, all of them American-born. He had been everywhere, done everything, but now he was going home to Chihuahua; and the eyes of the little girls danced with expectation. I looked at the heavy load, and the worn tires, thinking of the rough, sandy trail that stretches through two hundred miles of stark desert—Juárez to Chihuahua! A man can forget much in thirteen years.

The man in the car near by had been listening. He gave a tug to the rope which secured a bed-spring to the running board. "No more Mexicans in the United States!" he said. "We're all going home!"

"And what are you going to do when you get there?"

"The government will give me a farm, and tools and seed, and loan me money."

"How do you know that?"

"I read it in the paper," he replied with an air of finality.

Up at the customs house, there is a large corral, where early in January more than two thousand *repatriados* camped and starved, huddled together, waiting for a kind government to provide them with transportation so that they could move on. Upon their little charcoal burners they cooked their *tortillas* and boiled their beans. Through the chilly nights they shivered because of insufficient clothing. The little Mexican stenographer told me that when it rained, the big examination rooms of the customs house were opened to them. Juárez citizens organized as best they could to provide food but there was much suffering. Women swarmed about the warehouses picking up one by one the beans which spilled through holes in the sacks. Then, late in the month, the government sent a train of thirty-three box cars—and then a second train—to take them south and scatter them over the country. Twenty-seven hundred people were thus removed from the "*Tortilla* Line" in Juárez. Now one

In That Mexican, published in 1928, Dr. McLean interpreted Mexican immigration at the flood. He painted That Mexican as the common denominator between the United States and Mexico—told of the background of the immigrant, his problems, joys, sorrows, needs. Here he tells of the return current, as it is jamming the roads and railway stations at the Border—a swift, first-hand appraisal for Survey Graphic of the sitution as it stood early in April—a situation of which the general American public is all but unconscious.

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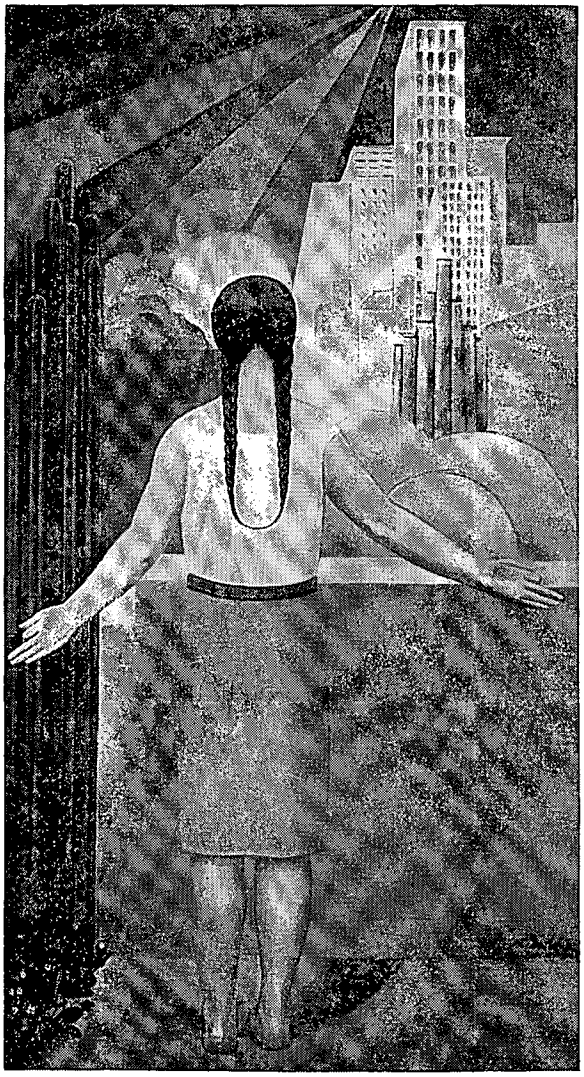
or two cars are attached daily to the regular southbound train, by the Mexican government, and there is a normal daily movement of from thirty to fifty *repatriados* who pay their own way.

Sometimes families with automobiles camp for days in Juárez awaiting the customs-house examination. The Mexican officials seem to be doing all they can to avoid congestion, for nobody wants a repetition of what happened in January and early February. But both personnel and equipment are inadequate to handle the crowd.

Up at the station they wait also; always for the "tomorrow" when there will be room for them on the train. At the edge of the platform, I saw the *tortillas* cooking on the hot charcoal stoves, the crowd all the while milling around. Little children scampered about, as happy as though picking flowers in green meadows. And against the wall, propped up with a roll of bedding, a great hulk of a man slept noisily, oblivious to the flies crawling over his face.



THE BORDERLINE *By Angel Zarraga*

IF you are out for exact figures, you can find almost anything you are looking for. If you want to prove that all of the million and three quarters Mexicans in this country are going home, you can see and hear plenty of things to back your theory. In 1930, 30,298 Mexican nationals moved southward through Laredo alone, while 2144 went through this port last January. But if you are convinced that the excess Mexican labor is simply boiling up as a result of the economic disturbance and is flowing over the edge of the "melting pot" you can find facts and figures to substantiate your view. The Mexican school enrolment in Los Angeles is just about what it was last year—around 35,000. In the Romona school of San Bernardino which is one hundred per cent Mexican there are eleven hundred children as against a thousand last year.

But before having much to say about figures, we must clarify our discussion by dividing the Mexicans who constitute the return labor movement to their own country into four groups.

First, come the deported Mexicans. This is by far the smallest group. Thousands of Mexicans are in this country illegally. Formerly it was impossible to deport many because of insufficient funds at the disposal of the immigration service. Then came the economic depression, with the resulting demand for a Mexican quota. Increased funds were provided, the border patrol was strengthened, and things began to happen. According to the estimate of the Mexican consul, between thirty and forty Mexicans a month are deported from the 31st district with headquarters at Los Angeles. The El Paso office handles about two hundred a month. The estimate for the whole country set by the Department of Labor for the fiscal year ending June 30 next is 18,500, and it is probable that the proportion of Mexicans will be somewhat more than half.

Much larger, however, is the group made up of those called "voluntary returns." These are people who are liable to deportation, but whom the immigration service for humanitarian or other reasons gives a chance to act for themselves. There are thousands of Mexicans who are being told to go, or they will be deported. It is a case of "What's your hurry, here's your hat!"

Still larger is the group made up of those who are either here legally, or whose status has never come under the scrutiny of the immigration service. Among them are many of the better class Mexicans, and they are going by sea, by train, and by automobile. Because of the new law making it a felony to come into the United States illegally, many have been living in fear for months lest some day a uniformed man call at the door, or they be stopped upon the street. For them the strain has become unbearable. As one border official has said, "The new law has put the fear of God in their hearts."

How many people belong to this group, it is difficult to say. From January 1 to April 6, the Juárez customs house checked through a total of 1169 families. Counting an average of five persons to the family this would give us an approximate total of nearly six thousand persons in a little more than three months. We have already seen that the movement through Laredo is a little larger. More Mexicans go through these two points than through any others; but we must remember that there are at least a dozen ways by which Mexicans can go home. It is interesting to note that practically all those who are going through El Paso by train are demanding "check-outs." This establishes proof of their residence in this country, and permits them to return if they so desire. Evidently Vicente is not entirely sure that Mexico will prove to be the promised land.

The fourth class is made up of indigent Mexicans whose hearts are singing the songs of Morelos, Jalisco and Michoacan, but who have not the money to return. When in January the burden of relief became particularly heavy in Los Angeles, the Mexican consul went to the Associated Charities and made the point that it would be better to pay the way of indigent Mexicans to El Paso, than to continue supporting them all winter in Los (*Continued on page* 195)

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The Umbrella at Prayers

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

UPON other occasions I have recalled the scandal committed by the little girl who brought an umbrella to the meeting called to pray for rain. Just such an episode now has all Europe by the ears—Germany and Austria proposing as between themselves to abolish customs duties; or, as the proposed "protocol for a customs' union" puts it:

. . . the German Government and the Austrian Government have agreed to enter into negotiations for a contract to correlate the customs and trade relations of both nations.

It is expressly stated in the protocol that the absolute independence of both nations shall be preserved, as well as strict regard for existing obligations toward third nations, and both bind themselves "to negotiate with any other nation desiring to enter into a similar agreement." Perhaps with tongue in cheek the parties declare that "the contract shall serve to initiate a new order in European economic conditions by means of regional treaties."

With tongue in cheek, perhaps, because there is a grim joke in it. A joke, and grim. For all Europe, ever since the close of the war, and especially of late, has been solemnly talking about the desirability, the necessity, of exactly this thing. M. Briand, of France, has gone much further, proposing, indeed, some political federation of the states of Europe, in the interest of peace generally, and in particular of the mitigation of the cut-throat economic warfare, especially in respect of senseless tariffs, with which the nations are mutually committing suicide. He even hinted at the abandonment of the new alignments which have replaced the old balance-of-power. That was rhetorical, of course, but he went far, acknowledging repeatedly that the most important aspect of the situation was economic. At the tenth Assembly of the League of Nations, in September 1929 M. Briand said, of his proposed United States of Europe:

I do not think we ought to have any system which would have the appearance of pitting groups against each other; but I do think that where we have a group of peoples, together geographically as we are in Europe, there ought to be some federal link between them. . . . Such a link I desire to establish, and obviously the most important component of this connecting link will be in economic agreement.

Map I. Why they are scared

Map II. The Danube—Everybody's river

WITH few if any exceptions, the replies of the other governments to the French project emphasized the economic phase of the possibility. Any kind of political merger was out of the question, as the Italian government for example was careful to point out. But economic cooperation appeared not only possible but indispensable. The Austrian reply in July last took this very seriously—so far as words go anyway:

It is only if the governments of the different countries, realizing the urgent necessity of achieving positive results, actively encourage this economic work, hope will not be disappointed. . . . Coming generations are entitled to expect that a better and more serene future shall be prepared for them by the men of today.

Germany about the same time emphasized in her reply the fact that economic cooperation would contribute to the feeling of security upon which peace must depend:

Closer cooperation in the economic field should not be made to depend upon the establishment of greater security. On the contrary, any understanding in the economic sphere will largely contribute to the strengthening of the feeling of union, and thereby to the sense of security as well.

But economic cooperation does not consist of the unanimous adoption of pious platitudes. It has to take some concrete form, and the nations that so fervently agreed upon the platitudes, including particularly France which fathered them, haven't been able, despite protracted foregatherings upon the subject, to agree upon any concrete forms. Especially as regards tariffs. As Professor Bonn of the Berlin Academy of Commerce says in a memorandum prepared for The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science (an extraordinarily valuable symposium on Economics of World Peace), "there is a very close connection between tariff systems and nationalism." People striving towards new consciousness of separate national individuality are in the habit of using tariffs for sentimental rather than strictly economic reasons. The strongest advocates of protectionism are soldiers and writers desirous of inflaming patriotic emotions. Professor Bonn cites the pre-war exclusion of Serbian pigs from Hungary as having expressed mere political egotism on the part of the agrarian classes controlling Hungary, while the Serbs saw in it an effort to stifle (*Continued on page* 186)

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays, and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

The Education of Lincoln Steffens

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINCOLN STEFFENS. *Harcourt, Brace. 2 volumes. 884 pp. Price $7.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

LINCOLN STEFFENS was a reporter who made history. Driven by a demon of curiosity, bent by an interest first in philosophy, then in ethics, then morals, filled with the joy of living, and forever the good companion, he has spent two score years reporting on American government and politics. Now the great reporter—and we have none greater—covers his own story. It is front-page stuff, warm, vivid, an album of famous and infamous people from Big Bill Devery to Mussolini, rich in inside stories of trials, revolutions, scandals, movements, war and peace. Here is a text-book on journalism; a treasure-house for the historian of that wave of social idealism that shook the United States from 1900 to 1917; a case-book for the psychologist of political types. Above all it is the vivid diary of a bold and humane pilgrim who so loved his fellowmen that he has never been able to condemn them: and who after forty years of knowing everybody and seeing everything, is no tired radical but still a child among us taking notes, full of faith, hope and charity. The glory of this muckraker is that he has never found any muck!

The tale cannot be warmed over. It begins with the gay pictures of boy life in California from 1866 to 1888 where the pioneer spirit descended on "Len" Steffens from a Canadian father and an English mother—and has never departed. He finished the University of California with a low mark, but with his intellectual curiosity whetted by the astounding discovery that historians disagreed, that there was no foundation for history or ethics, that nothing was settled, either in life or academies. The world was an oyster to be opened: and Lincoln Steffens' mind had its life assignment. Four years wandering over Europe, at Heidelberg, Leipzig, Paris and way stations, gave no final answer to anything either from Wundt's psychology or Munich's beer. It did not reveal even how he came to marry Josephine Bontecou. "My marriage was none of my business. I can see through a government or a political situation, but human relations are beyond my comprehension." This seems to be true: so a defect of this book is that although the author has forever the center of the stage, he remains curiously impersonal. We see Steffens the reporter, rarely Steffens the man. Yet the sidelights show that wife and her mother were a powerful force, and the man blessed with friendships. Well, the good reporter has a right to his anonymity.

With a wife and one hundred dollars from his father, the young seeker got a job on The Evening Post in 1892 and began his career and his education covering Wall Street.. Almost at once he developed the famous technique of cultivating the men who knew, of learning the background, of putting meaning above "spot news" drama, and subtly boring after facts with the Why and How of the intellectual. With Jacob Rüs he covered police, and called it a college education; he went through the Lexow investigation and learned about reformers from Parkhurst and bosses from Croker. These chapters are vastly instructive in light of the present investigation of corruption in New York City. I imagine Steffens smiles: he can learn nothing from the revival of a classic.

But he learned then, and was made city editor of the old Commercial Advertiser, an odd bird who needed help on executive matters, but inspired a queer staff of Harvard boys and literary dreamers—Norman Hapgood, Abraham Cahan, Neith Boyce—to see news with fresh eyes and human sympathy. Roosevelt comes into the picture as friend for years in spite of the Steffens gift for realistic criticism. There is the rich story of how Roosevelt persuaded himself that he had *not* called on Boss Platt when he had, and issued a denial as Steffens predicted.

THIS whole section is fat with youth, humor, thumbnail sketches of men, appraisals of character, and revelations of the close-meshed gears between big business, politics and corruption in an America that was changing hourly from agrarian to industrial. McClure's Magazine was trying to interpret the change; S. S. McClure was "the receiver of the ideas of his day." He hired Steffens as managing editor and then drove him out into the United States to learn how. This fine-tempered tool for reporting stumbled on corruption in St. Louis where Circuit Attorney Folk was fighting the gang. . . . Then came the muckrakers.

The meat of the book is in these chapters on how Lincoln Steffens discovered the shame of the cities and wrote about them. I recall the terrible impact of those grim fact-stories on my own mind. I had been reading McClure's for the tales by Kipling and Stevenson and the science articles on x-rays and liquid air (what an editor McClure was!). My faith in American democracy was deep and certain despite vague glimmerings from the Bryan-McKinley campaign of '96. Well, for me and I think all the social-minded of my generation, the Steffens articles were the end of the age of innocence. Whatever Lincoln Steffens thinks of the net results of his muckrake (and I gather he underestimates them save as garnered wisdom for his own thought) he achieved this: he taught us the facts of life. And in the face of World War and the repeated patterns of corruption and exploitation, I maintain that generation, visionary democrats and uplifters that we were, did achieve some things for women and children, for health, for labor, for liberal hopes that were beneficent and enduring.

This is the story of how Steffens educated himself to expertness in city, state, and national governments with the persistence of a laboratory scientist and exposed the "set-up" until bosses sought his opinion as a connoisseur on their machines. He found that it was not bad men but the same bad system that practically forced the business-political alliance on men who did not know what they did or why; that power and loyalty were in these bad men; that you could sometimes get them to help with their skill and power; and that to replace them by unskilled

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reformers or new devices of control was a stop-gap because the system was unchanged. His faith was almost answered when he organized the most diverse interests to consider the social and communal aspects of the McNamara trial. Read that chapter on applied Christianity in Los Angeles. The end of the period came when Edward A. Filene got him to come to Boston and they conceived the Boston 1915 Plan. But New England had a dual personality, the reformers could not agree, and fell into the hands of "heelers" who had not the power or the brains of the "principals" in whom Steffens puts his faith.

Boston closed his chapter on reform by politics; he took up a postgraduate course on revolution and so the rest of the book ranges from Greenwich Village radicalism through the labor dynamiters (and their goods and bads), into Mexico under Carranza, Russia under Kerenski, to the peace that was no peace, Mussolini, the failure of liberalism in Europe, with its admiration for our machine efficiency and distrust of our ideals —and so home to see this New America, bringing a new wife and a wonderful new son.

What does Steffens think of us now? He finds us a going concern, not finished as is Europe, experimental is his word, with laboratories supported by big business and new reporters (like Samuel Crowther and Garet Garrett) reporting on the New Capitalism. There are problems aplenty: the landord as ever, and the need for distribution to match our production. But business is self-conscious, and that he seems to feel means the replacing of laissez-faire with a plan. "The liberals, progressives, reformers had been beaten. Hoover, with his business conferences, not politics, defeated Smith, and represents business openly, not covertly. Bribery and corruption were over. Washington is no longer the kept woman of Wall Street. They are man and wife." The plain truth is that good business as a whole is for the common good and requires the cooperation of the people as a whole. We have learned the direction; we are spared the ancient lethargy of Europe; we shall some day take the final step that will make business social for the good life, not profits.

That is the testament of this good reporter, muckraker, seeker for right in government, and unwearied optimist. We may agree or disagree, but for this grand book, with its color, wisdom, variety and zest we owe him praise and thanks. The man had a right to be disillusioned; instead he has had the courage to relive the whole story for our instruction and entertainment. It may have omissions, restorations, changed perspectives. But as the record of a seeker for truth and a believer in human goodness it is a challenge to good hopes.

LEON WHIPPLE

THE UMBRELLA AT PRAYERS

(*Continued from page* 184)

their own economic and national aspirations.

So when you propose to meddle with tariffs you are tampering with a thing a good deal nearer the raw than mere economics. And it works both ways. However much the proposal to abolish tariffs as between Germany and Austria might be declared, with all manner of reassurance to other nations, to be merely a step toward the highly-desirable new era in Europe, anticipating, as the Germans said, the establishment of security; it could not fail to arouse the scarcely-sleeping fears of neighbors still suffering amid the wreckage caused by the last joint exploit of Germany and Austria. Vast pains were taken in the peace treaties to keep those boys from getting together again! And here they are, taking as text and pretext M. Briand's own proposal, beating him to it. If economic cooperation is the thing we are all praying for, let's do it, beginning at an obvious point in the common interest of two peoples essentially homogeneous, and following along the outstanding line of least resistance. What could be nicer than that? Yet it has thrown Europe into hysterics, M. Briand himself apparently at the center of the uproar.

NOR is it surprising. I have roughly sketched two maps to show why they are scared. See for yourself in Map I the grim likeness to a pair of jaws about Czechoslovakia which might be constituted by Germany and Austria as an economic unit—especially if, as seems likely, Hungary should join them. See what it might mean for France, with such a unit lying across all her means of access to the East, adjoining as it does the more or less hostile Italy on the South.

There is another dangerous factor in it, in the commercial importance of the River Danube, perhaps the most truly international river in the world. It is practically navigable from Ulm in the heart of Germany to its mouth in the Black Sea, access by way of Constantinople and the Bosphorus to the open ocean.

That river runs through Germany and Austria, borders Czechoslovakia, bisects Hungary, cuts through a corner of Jugoslavia, separates Roumania and Bulgaria; and it is fed by some four hundred tributaries, main highway of the greatest grain-field of Europe. For centuries the Danube has been a bone of international contention.

On top of this comes the question of treaties according "most favored nation" treatment to the parties. What will such an agreement do by way of conferring automatically unexpected benefits and inflicting incalculable disadvantages, among nations preferring to let matters stand as they are; with the alert and highly productive Germans of the two most nearly homogeneous nations controlling the situation?

It is all very well to discuss these pious projects academically at vast length and then find that this, that or the other, or maybe all three, prevents actual doing of anything; but when the two nations that everybody thought had been hamstrung and rendered helpless for an indefinite period suddenly propose to do something concrete (incidentally very beneficial to themselves) and that along the very lines of the pious discussion—well, here are the beans spilled all over the place, and nobody knows what to do about it.

It looks almost like an "unfriendly act" against somebody. Or, it would, if the document in question did not so scrupulously throw out the latch-string to everybody else. That is the diabolical ingenuity of it. If it were exclusive as an engine of offense and defense it might conceal a threat. But there's nothing unfriendly in the familiar "Come on in, the water's fine!" Neither Germany nor Austria surrenders a whit of the independent sovereignty which in the peace treaties they guaranteed to retain intact.

IT is not the political union forbidden by the peace treaties. Austrians would like to be taken into Germany; but Germany does not want them. To add Austria's predominantly Roman Catholic vote to that of Bavaria would swamp the Protestant North and give the Clericals control in the Reichstag—a thing intolerable to both the Liberals and the Radicals. An economic alliance is something quite else. And all threat would be taken out of it if the other nations would follow suit. At this writing they are running round in circles little and big, hardly knowing which way to turn. By the time these words are published the situation may have clarified; but the fact will remain that a bluff has been called.

A thing worth noting in this connection is the vast difference in the international situation into which this episode falls, from what it would have been before the war. In the old days the world hardly would have been informed. The thing would have been consummated as routine between two military allies without a by-your-leave. Now, it seems, the protest, if any there be after all, is to be carried, not to any arbitrament of war but to the League of Nations; that failing, to the World Court.

These may have to decide whether or not the German-Austrian agreement is *lawful*. It is safe to go further and say that if they decide that it is not, it will have to be abandoned. Neither Germany nor Austria, singly or combined, is strong enough in the world public opinion. In all probability the matter will be before the Council of the League in May, about the time these remarks are published.

AS background for these events two or three recently published books may be commended, especially that of Paul Hutchinson, entitled, The United States of Europe, published by Willett, Clark & Colby, Chicago ($2.00 of Survey Graphic).

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Mr. Colby well describes the dangerous situation surrounding the German-Austrian project:

. . . it happens that Europe, during the first half-dozen years after the armistice, turned itself into an economic battlefield, with twenty-seven separate states, dividing themselves off into twenty-seven different customs units surrounded with almost unscalable tariff barriers, inside which every one of the twenty-seven units scrambles desperately, trying to make itself self-sufficient and self-supporting. Of course, it couldn't be done. Clear-headed economists knew that from the first, and said so. Europe paid no attention to them. . . . A policy of suffocation. . . . The whole theory of an economic warfare between twenty-seven exclusive units was a huge delusion that could lead only to the exhaustion and poverty of all.

Another book, bearing the same title, is by Edouard Herriot, former French premier (translated by Reginald J. Dingle; Viking Press, New York; $3.50 of Survey Graphic). The striking thing about M. Herriot's book is that he, primarily a politician, is able to see clearly the momentous importance of the project from economic, social and humanitarian points of view, and appeals for it eloquently; but before the political obstacles he shrivels helplessly. Nevertheless there is no better source of information as to what M. Briand's scheme is all about.

While you are about it, you should go back to Count Coudenove-Kalergi's Pan Europe (Knopf, New York; $2.50 of Survery Graphic). He is a living embodiment of internationalism; as I wrote of him in these pages three years ago (Survey Graphic, August 1, 1928, Europe's Getting-Together):

His blood is that of all Europe and of much of Asia. He was born in 1894 in the Austrian legation at Tokio, where his father, Count Henry Coudenove-Kalergi was chargé d'affaires. The family Coudenove is Dutch; the family Kalergi is Greek; but this young man's mother was Mitsu Aoyama—Japanese. . . .

It was Coudenove-Kalergi who planted in the mind of Aristide Briand the seed of the idea, "United States of Europe," the first practical step toward the fruition of which appears now so much to frighten him. Yet it is, as Coudenove-Kalergi shrewdly indicates, the only long-run hope for France.

Anyhow, the fact remains that the umbrella has put the test to the good faith of M. Briand and his prayer-meeting.

MEXICANS AND NEW MEXICO

(*Continued from page* 144)

discussing, neither the Spanish nor the Indians. They never acquired the habit of receiving their education from the printed page. Much more than two or three generations is required to make any primitive group a reading people, to persuade them to take their work and behavior patterns from books. Which does not mean that these same people can not learn and learn quickly and competently through seeing and doing.

What everybody knows about Indians, what Frank Applegate wrote of the hand-craftiness of the descendants of Spanish pioneers, is proof enough that the Spanish speaking peon derives from both lines of his descent the capacity to make things requiring a high degree of artisan skill, and to make them beautifully and well. We have not only no reason in New Mexico to believe that our unskilled Spanish speaking labor could not become skilled by the proper sort of teaching, but many of us realize that they could become specialized technicians of high capacity. The educational department of Mexico has this submerged capacity of its people well in mind. Under proper tutelage the despised peon class could become the superior hand-craftsmen of the western world.

It is one of the curiosities of communism, as practiced by American Indians, that it does foster, along with the completest type of group-mindedness known, the most invincible type of individualism in hand craft. When the Indian withdraws himself from the group and works from auto-expressive impulses, he withdraws wholly, with the most absorbing personal concentration, the sort of concentration that in our kind of society is only known to the creative artist. That is why all Indian artifacts partake of that quality of expressiveness which makes works of art (*Continued on page* 188)

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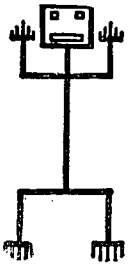

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(*Continued from page* 187) of them. They proceed out of the profound withdrawal of the individual into the experience of the race. This applies to practically every Indian in his native culture, in the field of design, of poetry, song and ceremonial. Everybody who visits the Indian villages of our Southwest or of Mexico is familiar with the truly remarkable emergence within the past ten years, of works of pictorial art which are not surpassed by many of the American artists who have devoted all their lives to the study of art in the schools of New York and Paris under the most accomplished teachers. And I would guarantee to find in any immigrant Mexican group of railroad hands, cotton pickers, or beet-pullers, more individuals who could under reasonable circumstances produce genuine art craft than could be found among ten times as many other types of laborers.

The thing that is lacking in the Mexican is the capacity for rapid adjustment to working patterns, the motivation of which lies outside the worker's personality. Last summer I was having improvements made on my place which involved the removal of earth from one part of the garden and its redistribution in another part. To my American mind it seemed a more efficient way of working to have each barrow load, as it was taken from the place where it was not wanted, deposited at the places where it was finally to be distributed. And after half a day's effort I had to give it up. The man in charge of my work was a little more than ordinarily competent as a laborer, but he could not manage the two patterns at the same time. I had to agree to having all the dirt removed, collected in a pile as it was taken out, and then redistributed from the pile, making two distinct patterns, unrelated in anybody's mind but mine. This is the way you have to learn to work with the peon mind. But if the pattern, however complicated, originates with him, if it is a pattern which his ancestors have followed, so that its path through his subconscious has become reasonably fixed, you can confidently let him alone, undisturbed to work it out to traditional completion.

These people have the same difficulty in following the American pattern of commercial-mindedness which involves the third stronger element, the element of private profit. In the pattern which we call "business," in which the individual must be constantly aware of himself as a separate item, as he stands between the two patterns of buying and selling, your native New Mexican often fails to make the necessary private reservation. And this is precisely the difficulty of the Indian. He can not always abstract a feeling for his private gain from the situation as a whole. The necessity for so doing gives him a moral shock which is foreign to the American to whom the pattern of "business" is ancestral. In the beginning of the American Occupation the Spanish speaking New Mexican suffered this moral shock to a degree that has made him more or less distrustful of Americanos ever since.

THERE is no question that all the moral patterns of the immigrant peon have been widely disrupted. He has come to doubt, or at least to find ineffectual, his ancestral behavior patterns, without at the same time having acquired the patterns of the dominant English speaking peoples with whom he has come in contact. From both his Indian and Spanish strains he is likely to have an association of manners with morality; a kind of ceremony of virtue which suffers most in the vulgar discourtesy which characterizes American manners toward people of different customs from their own. Nor has the aboriginal *meztizo* ever quite achieved the impersonal distinctions of fact which characterize our own notions of truth. Truth to him is more directly related to the old idea of Troth, the keeping of faith, the *noblesse* of tribal sanctions. Any Indian is likely to tell you, in response to inquiry, what he thinks it will please you to hear, and this type of answer is characteristic of the peon. But once his sense of responsibility is aroused, he is also likely to be faithful unto death. Kindness is, in general, the basis of his social intercourse; and the further you get away from American influence in New Mexico, the more you are likely to meet with that simple faith which is poetically supposed to be more than Nordic blood.

Family behavior follows a pattern long a stranger to American use. A Spanish speaking New Mexican child addresses his father respectfully and defers to the judgment of his mother

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long after he has children of his own; family obligation is seldom denied. The poor, the unfortunate, the blind, the crippled, the "afflicted of God" are treated with great consideration. The smallest pleasure is shared, the last crust ungrudged.

In New Mexico, these people are seldom given to crimes of deliberation; bootlegging and knifing frays while intoxicated, provoked nine times out of ten by sex jealousy, are the most frequent offenses. Here too, the native under penalty of the law is likely to be docile and dependable. There have been known cases in which men under conviction have secured permission from the authorities to go home and get in a crop, or the winter wood for the family, returning punctually to serve out their appointed terms. I have not been able to discover that the misadventure of a term in the state penitentiary loses a man, otherwise acceptable to his townsmen, anything of social advantage. To get at odds with the law is a kind of natural accident which might happen to anybody. Once the score is paid, why bother?

IN New Mexico the people have never experienced the disaffection with the Church which has had so serious an influence upon old Mexico. They are for the most part cheerful and devout Catholics, not very strong on dogma, but familiar and affectionate to the Saints, several of whom have legends localized in the mountains called Blood of Christ.

There is on our side of the Border, none of that slavish subservience to the priest which non-Catholics in Mexico are fond of attributing to pious Catholics among their own people. One suspects occasionally that the parish priest in New Mexico finds his parishioners a good handful to manage, especially if he happens to be of another racial derivation than theirs. This has been unfortunately too much the case in New Mexico since the American occupation. Miss Cather when she wrote of the Archbishop to whom Death came in his New Mexican diocese, was too much intrigued by his saintly character, and perhaps a little by his French subtleties, which she racially understood, to realize that for a Spanish-Indian people such as this, the coming of the French priests was little less than a cultural calamity. The building of a French cathedral with French decoration, in a community of Spanish tradition and with the invention to their credit of the only original American type of architecture which had yet been produced, went far to inhibit the natural creativeness which was their birthright. Very much in their lives which is the natural source of cultural expression, fell into that desuetude from which it is only now being rescued. Much that is in its free state the natural rootage of literature, with all the life pressed out of it, has become superstition. It is only with the advent in the Rio Grande country of creative workers, painters and writers, capable of giving to the native temperament its due of appreciation, that this temperament is beginning to revive, and to seek its natural expression in works of creative artistry.

I have had curio dealers, who make a handsome profit on the sale of works executed by the native before the advent of Americans, complain to me that the said natives would rather sell their work to Frank Applegate than to the dealers, "even when we pay a higher price for it." This is actually the case, as it is also the case that I—a non-Catholic—was admitted to *Penitente morados* when it was supposed to be as much as an Americano's life was worth to attempt to see inside one; and that I have collected more native literature, more folk plays, than are to be found elsewhere in the whole United States. The natives sold to Frank Applegate—year after year, up to the time of his death last fall—because they recognized in him an appreciation not only of the artistry in their work, but of its human significance, and on the same ground they admit me to the means by which—however it may look to others—I realize that the divine fire is kept alive in them.

Superstition is an unsafe word to apply to an unfamiliar practice. Sometimes what is called superstition is merely a different background from which to derive explanations of unfamiliar occurrences. Last year there was a pest of grasshoppers in the Rio Grande country, and at Zuñi, where the hoppers were most pestilential, it was offered in explanation by the men of Zuñi, that the unprecedented number of the insects was owing to the pres- (*Continued on page* 190)

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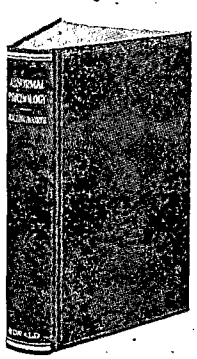

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(*Continued from page* 189) ence of grasshopper-shaped airplanes flying about unrestrained above Zuñi land. No, not a superstition, but a logical deduction from an a priori concept of the universe as highly susceptible, likely to bring forth whatever is by suggestive mimicry impressed upon it. Recall the first airplane you ever saw and look at a grasshopper and you will see that to such a sensitive medium as the Indian assumes creative nature to be the suggestion can scarcely remain unaccepted. The suggestibility which the Indian attributes to the spirit of Nature, is, in fact characteristic of his own subconscious; he responds expressively to the suggestions made by our culture. This can be seen abundantly at the annual Indian Fair, and at the Spanish Market at Santa Fe where an appreciative atmosphere has been created for the native arts of these submerged peoples. It is just a hundred years since the degradation of Spanish Colonial Arts was begun in the contempt of the invading Americanos. Four years ago when a revival of such arts was initiated in New Mexico, there were fifteen entries for competition; the fourth year there were over two hundred articles exhibited.

The bearing of these things on Mexican immigration is explicit. If we ask from this mixed Spanish-Indian stock that they become the socially and intellectually inferior brand of standardized labor, that is what we will get. If we ask for a highly individualized artist craftsmanship, we can have that. If we demand that they become average installment-plan, subrotarian middle-class Americans, in the course of time they will become as good at that as our other remotely alien immigrants. But why ask it?

At Santa Fe we begin to perceive higher uses for our Spanish Indian contingent. They make a nucleus of warmer, more individualized—and at the same time more communal, less competitive—elements in our culture. They do actually achieve the thing we have deemed impossible in our Europeanly derived social complex, individualism without competition, complete socialization without standardization. In so doing they make a point of contact with all other American cultures. For there is no denying that other American cultures have a similar Spanish-American base. And at Santa Fe we have already begun those cultural exchanges which are suitable between neighboring, progressive nations.

In seeking to rid themselves of unassimilable Spanish elements, and to revivify the aboriginal American roots of culture, the Mexican people are already finding in the responses from Santa Fe where Spanish is understood and aboriginal Americanism not disprised, sufficient common ground for amicable adjustments. A group of interested New Mexicans, including the governor of the state, went down to Mexico City for the last presidential inaugural. At Santa Fe an Indian Art Museum for Indians is in process of erection, to house art enterprises well along toward accomplishment. A theater which will be equally devoted to American drama in both Spanish and English—and occasionally in Amerind—is being organized. Already companies of players and musicians from Mexico have been welcomed in the border towns. Such things must be reckoned with in any final determination of the whole problem of Mexican immigration.

That there may be political and economic factors in our border relations important to be taken into account by both sides is not denied. It would, however, in view of the cultural situation, be not only a pity, but a stupid loss to both nations, if the problem should be reduced to a mere factual dimension of higher or lower wages. For better or worse, Spanish and Indian elements are indissoluably entered into the American future.

It remains for us to make the most sympathetic, and therefore the happiest, and so the most effective, use of them.

SANTA SUSANA

(*Continued from page* 162)

the inward poison of the *coraje* had always made her violently ill. Herein lay her single small retaliation. Tonight Estéban would have to roll in his blanket on the kitchen floor. Tomorrow and the next day and the next she would lie in bed and glory in his clumsy movements about the kitchen as he

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prepared his own meals, growling meanwhile in his throat. But he would not be able to get back at her, because, while according to one article of his code as a Mexican husband, corporal discipline was necessary, by another article of the same code he never thought of striking her again until she had recovered from the *coraje* caused by his last punishment.

She raised herself higher on a fresh cool pillow and fell to thinking of the school, the long clean room, the books and blackboards, the teacher's welcoming face, the other women answering glibly in English and herself left quite unnoticed to accustom herself gradually to the newness of it all.

And then, across the school table, on the opposite wall, she saw again Santa Susana—the American women's saint! She now studied in memory that massive grand old head with low-combed white hair, the strong-featured face, sad with all the sorrows of womankind, yet with the strength to bear all their oppressions upon her soul. She recalled the white lace, hallowing neck and shoulders, the upward look pressing the carking heartaches of bondage up to the sight of heaven.

This contemplation of Santa Susana brought a certain first-aid release from the sickening personal throb. Slowly Doña Soledad swung into a larger trend of life. She grasped some dim perception of social progress from old cruel customs to new ones of gentlemen.

WHEN she dropped back into studying her own situation, she fetched with her this dawn surprise—that she was no solitary wicked rebel against sacred customs and the divine right of husbands. No! She was putting up a meritorious resistance in which Santa Susana was her ally. The saint would not side with Estéban in keeping her a prisoner during his absence. The saint knew a woman should be allowed her own taste in clothes. Above all, the saint would be for Doña Soledad's attending the Mothers' Class. Again she drifted off into mystical contemplation of that strong pitying face.

"Santa Susana!" she murmured, "I am going to be a free soul. I shall do what is right in my own eyes, and I implore you to frustrate and confound my husband. May his growl be choked back into his throat, and may his striking fist drop powerless each time he would lift it against his wife. Santa Susana, hear my plea!"

Just then Doña Amalia appeared in the doorway with the lovely blue cup and saucer in her hand.

"I want you to have this," she announced simply. Both women understood that one of them felt that the prize had cost the other too dear.

"No. Keep the cup. It is yours. I enjoyed the school. I expect to attend regularly."

Doña Amalia nearly dropped the china in her amazement.

"He—he—might kill you!" she gasped.

"I have implored the protection of Santa Susana," calmly returned the other.

Now Doña Amalia was a person of deep piety whose rosary was ever well thumbed. But no woman with so much mundane shrewdness etched into her face was going to ignore earthly weapons in arming her friend for this combat. She came closer to the bed and lowered her voice.

"Santa Susana be praised for that good American law by which a husband can be jailed for beating his wife—*just as if she were any other woman who is nothing to him.*"

Doña Soledad sat up straight in the bed in her amazement.

"*Just as if she were any other women,*" she repeated incredulously, "*his wife—*"

Doña Amalia came still closer and spoke scarcely above a whisper.

"Yes—and more. The teacher at the school—she would go with you any minute to put in the complaint against Don Estéban. The police would come and haul him off to jail."

But here Doña Amalia, overcome by her own prefiguring, set the cup on the bureau and fled. For after all she could not conceive of any Mexican woman really working such black magic on even the blackest of Mexican husbands.

But Doña Soledad was of stronger stuff. This news that Santa Susana had a vicegerent on earth in the person of the teacher was a shot of spiritual tonic which raced through her entire being. Her feet clapped (*Continued on page* 192)

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(*Continued from page* 191) down on the floor. She bathed her face and composed her hair. She crossed the kitchen rather unsteadily to a low bench. Here she sat for some time and felt the ill effects of the *coraje* subsiding and flowing out of her. Instead of dreading the coming ordeal, she drifted into the calm of one who has received extreme unction. A woman in the next shack started a folk-song as she looked over her *frijoles*. One word kept soaring clear of the rest and floating across to Doña Soledad.

"Amor . . . amor . . . amor . . ."

The listener's lips twisted into a wry smile. The love of man—just a pretense—curses and blows the reality. Yet Estéban had been in love, if ever a man was; only, so rough even then. And now, all devil, so far as she was involved. What was back of this deviltry—him a hardworking man, honest, well thought of, and kindly—except to his wife?

Again the neighbor's singing voice insisted:

"Amor . . . amor . . . amor . . ."

Could that be the answer after all? This owning and dominating and crushing—was it just a crude manifestation of love? Did Estéban really crave her love? Was this his foolish way of trying to take it by violence? Was he, in certain aspects of husbandhood, her bad rough child, needing a firm hand of motherly guidance? Was he at times her big boy, as Juan was always her little boy?

"Amor . . . amor . . . amor . . ."

This time the word mingled unheeded with her reverie, but on its wings she rose into her first understanding of a wifely love that might brook instead of cringe. She moved steadily about the kitchen. She put a white cloth on the table. She went at preparing *enchiladas* to the very top of her husband's taste.

IT was dusk when Don Estéban stood in the kitchen doorway. His wife saw that he was weak and passive from spent anger. His hurt arm sagged forlornly in its sling. He had come back to the bitter bread of the after-reaping. She noted, as his eyes fell upon her darkening bruise, a certain sickness of self-disgust at his own brutality. She had only to be passively amiable now and matters might move along rather pleasantly for days and even weeks. Shaking and dizzy as she was, Doña Soledad pushed this temptation from her. Her slight advantage of the moment must not be wasted.

"Come in," she said pleasantly, "supper is ready."

He stepped inside.

"Santa Susana!" she prayed below her breath, *"Oh, Santa Susana!"*

Aloud she addressed him with quiet even voice.

"Estéban, you must never strike me again."

He wanted no more dissension just now. He caught sight of the *enchiladas* and accepted them mentally as a peace offering from a repentant and submissive spouse. Hence he growled almost amiably:

"So long as you do not forget that I am your Mexican husband."

"You have truly been my Mexican husband," she rejoined with distant calm, "but if ever you strike me again, you will find yourself in a United States jail. *Santa Susana! Santa Susana!*"

It took half a minute for Don Estéban to grasp this declaration. Its enormity almost choked his mental swallow.

"Mujer perdida!" he roared, "You would put your Mexican husband into a United States jail?"

The man moved toward her with upraised arm and clenched fist. The outrageous affront of such a threat whipped up his flagging wrath. Doña Soledad did not cringe away like a proper wife. She actually ignored the fist and her voice came back tranquilly. . .

"You have no more right to hit me than if I were your mother or your sister or some woman who is nothing to you. (*Santa Susana! Santa Susana!*)"

Don Estéban's fist eased down, but to an accompaniment of muttered oaths. This was preposterous! You didn't reason with your own wife, *caramba!* And her even presuming to reason with you! Such follies as she was advancing! It was sacrilege even to mention a man's striking his mother, and it was not customary to chastise sisters. And of course nobody

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went about striking just any woman he happened to see. Such bewildering folly! And a wife claiming he had no more right in her case! *Caramba!*

But the worst of it was the way she stood there. She actually manifested the sorrowful majesty of a mother, the quiet confidence of a never-beaten sister, and even the curious aloofness of a woman who was nothing to him. Don Estéban actually had an injured sense that in putting him up against such a front she was not playing fair. He was no ruffian. He punished only on provocation and during the excitement of high passion. Here she gave him provocation enough for a felling and yet some way he could not nerve his arm with the requisite anger. But his reeling authority must be stabilized. He pumped hard at his wrath. Again he glared; again he growled in his throat: again the big fist swung in arcs before the woman's face. If she would flinch or dodge or plead—but there was just her quiet face held up to him like an open page; and on it he read only sorrow—and love—the earnest love of a woman for her husband.

The growl died away; the glare went out in blinking wonder. This time the arm dropped shakingly.

Then Doña Soledad smiled, radiant, conquering, cherishing.

"Estéban, my dear man, you will never be confined in that United States jail."

"How do you know I won't?"

There was nothing convincing in the attempted howl of derision.

"You cannot strike me ever again—beloved."

"How do you know?"

The growl was lost in its own futility.

"Because I am under the protection of Santa Susana, patron saint of American women. It was she who intervened, by a blessed miracle, so that your arm would not obey your will."

Don Estéban's face ironed itself out to a vacuity of amaze. He clicked his dropping jaw back into position. Slowly his mind stumbled through the limbo of this experience and overtook his lost self-respect. The interpenetration of the supernatural accounted honorably for his infirmity of will. It satisfied his masculine punctilio. It also cleared the future, for man must not presume to resist the saints.

Then his wife was pulling him down beside her on the bench, with due consideration for his hurt arm. She brushed his cheek with soft warm lips and snuggled her fragrant hair into the hollow of his neck.

"Angel of my life!" he muttered weakly.

Playfully she pulled open his coat and drew forth a prized possession, his beautiful long green pencil.

"Estéban, don't you want to give me this pencil? I need it to write my English lessons at school."

Fetching from himself a deeply contented sigh of total surrender, his bass voice rolled out tenderly.

"I'll sharpen it for you, *querida.*"

"Santa Susana! Santa Susana! Accept the deepest thanks of a Mexican woman's heart! Oh, my Santa Susana!"

KEGLAR HILL

(*Continued from page* 171)

During this whole period there seems to have been no case of absentee ownership. Every owner lived on his farm, and in the case of smaller owners, with the assistance of all members of his family, did all his own work. From the clearing of the very first farm, cotton was dominant. Corn, oats, and sorgums were raised to feed the farm live stock; a small amount of wheat was occasionally planted; but the only money crop was cotton. For almost thirty years this was one of the best cotton producing communities of the state. The average production was easily three times what it has been during the past ten years.

As more and more of the land was brought under cultivation, tenancy became quite general. In a few isolated cases, during the 'seventies, Negroes were employed as tenants, but after 1880 none but native whites were found in the community. The tenancy contracts were customarily of the third-and-fourth variety, under which the (*Continued on page* 194)

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(*Continued from page* 193) tenant furnished his tools and teams, and gave the landowner one-third of the cotton and one-fourth of the corn and feed stuffs produced. In many cases the tenants acquired farms of their own; in a few cases their children married into the families of even the large landlords; and in all cases in church and school and community life, they were indistinguishable from the landowners.

This was the situation in 1890. The population was about equally landowners and tenants. But the tenants were of the same stock as the owners. They had the same cultural and social heritage. They entered into the affairs of community life on a basis of fundamental equality. They owned their tools and teams, their milch cows, stores of feed-stuffs, planting seeds, and meat animals. In a majority of instances they were in process of becoming landowners themselves. According to the simple frontier standards of the day, they lived well. For fifteen years cotton had sold for about forty dollars a bale. Their farms were amazingly productive. Real poverty was rare—almost unknown. In short, Keglar Hill was a community of robust, prosperous, homogeneous frontier folk.

Then came the Mexicans. At first they came only in exceptional crop years like 1887 and 1888 to pick cotton. They moved in family groups and after the harvesting season returned to their homes in the towns and country communities of southwest Texas. In 1892 two or three of these families remained, working land on the halves: the landlord furnishing tools and teams, and receiving as rent one half of all the crops produced. The next year other families came—and remained. Within five years every large landowner in the community was employing Mexican tenants. By 1900 there were no native white tenants in Keglar Hill.

Sudden and sweeping changes were wrought in the economic and social structure of the community. The landowner became a landlord. He owned all tools, teams, feed-stuffs, planting seeds, and other equipment employed in producing crops. He directed all operations of his tenants, even in such matters as when and what to plant, how to prepare the soil, and in many cases when and where to sell the crop.

The tenants were of a foreign group. They did not speak the English language, knew next to nothing of the customs and traditions of the community, they were not Methodists, and their children did not attend school. They were deplorably ignorant, and shockingly poor. Few of them owned more than an unbelievably few crude household necessities. None of them possessed milch cows. Occasionally one would own a worn out pony or a superannuated mule. They were tractable, industrious workers, willing to live in any sort of shack that might be provided, on a diet that required a minimum of cash outlay. No ridiculous notions of social prestige—no extensive home duties—no bothersome compulsory school attendance laws disturbed the even tenor of their lives, or prevented the full employment of their entire labor force in the cotton fields. Their standard of living was modestly low; their standard of work commendably high. They were ideal tenants!

BUT Keglar Hill, as a way of life, was one with Carthage and Thebes. The Nordic-American tenants, who for twenty years had tilled the farms—and bought them, had educated their children in school and church, and had contributed fairly to the building of a healthy and pleasant community were uprooted utterly. Of their scores, not one individual remained. One now drives an express wagon in Oregon. One grows wheat in the Panhandle. One raises cabbage in the Rio Grande valley. One clerks in a Fort Worth grocery store.

And, within one short span of ten years every landowner in the community had followed. The church had been moved to a nearby village. The school was abandoned. Better roads, better means of communication and transportation had tended to center social life in the villages and country towns. Children were to be educated. Standards of living were rapidly rising. The towns offered much that could not be found in the country. Absentee ownership became increasingly prevalent. The price of land rose rapidly and continuously. It would not produce more cotton—but productivity is only one of many factors affecting the price of land. Interest rates and availability of credit, improvements in transportation facilities, labor costs,

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and changes in technique are also factors. And these factors are not the same to all men.

The small landowner saw his land increase in value to someone else more and faster than it did to him. His standard of living was rising more rapidly than his income. His children yearned for the fleshpots of the cities. His neighbors had set their landmarks in far places. His school was abandoned; his altars gone. There were no more camp meetings in Keglar Hill. His world had vanished. He sold his land to a large- and absentee-landlord, gathered his Household Gods, whistled to his dog, and went to the new cotton realm in West Texas—or to Oklahoma—or to town.

Of the three hundred odd white Americans who composed that robust community in 1895, not one remained in 1910.

That is the story of Keglar Hill—the story of the rural cotton community with the coming of the Mexican tenant—a large chapter in the story of Texas.

GOODBYE, VICENTE!

(*Continued from page* 183)

Angeles. The Southern Pacific Company offered to cooperate in the movement by fixing very low "charity Mexican fares." The plan had three things in its favor. It helped satisfy the ambitions of Mexico for the repatriation of her citizens; it removed human misery from the city of the angels; and it was cheap. Late in March a train load of 260 Mexicans thus had their way paid to El Paso.

Counting the movement represented by deportations, "voluntary returns," ordinary returns, and charity cases, it is estimated that about 42,000 people have returned to Mexico in the last nine months. The monthly average may be checked somewhat by the call of the crops for workers, but the movement has been going on at the rate of from fifty to sixty thousand persons a year. That looks large; but it is a question whether the stork will not run a good race with the trains and the automobiles.

JUST why is Vicente going home? He goes because of the economic depression. For months he has listened to the patter of the people who brought him, assuring him that there would soon be work for everyone. As he has hungered and waited he has seen municipality after municipality pass ordinances restricting work on public improvements to citizens. He has always known that if he became a citizen he would still be a Mexican in the eyes of everybody except his own consul, whose help and protection he would immediately lose. He has seen social pressure brought to bear upon corporations to fire Mexicans and hire Americans.

"How can you better yourself by going to Torreón?" I asked a man on the train. He looked at me a moment and then said, "If you were broke and without a job, would you rather be home, or in a foreign country?"

Said another: "In Mexico there are always beans and *tortillas*. You can eat whether you have money or not. In the United States if you have no money, you starve."

In the second place, the sensitive soul of the Mexican immigrant has been wounded by the changed immigration policy. The laws are the same; the interpretation is different. The immigration official is detective, judge, jury and prosecuting attorney. It has always been possible to refuse admission to one "liable to become a public charge." *Any* common laborer is now liable to become a public charge. As one official put it: "Two years ago if a man came with a wife and five kids and five dollars, we let him in; now if he were to come with five hundred dollars, we would turn him back." In March, fifteen native Mexicans were admitted through El Paso, and not one was a laborer. Eighty-five per cent of the applicants were refused. Once Vicente was needed, and had a welcome; now he gets the cold shoulder everywhere. His heart is sick, and he wants to go home.

But he has been wounded more than all else by the false stories which have been published in Spanish language papers from San Antonio to Los An- (*Continued on page* 196)

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(*Continued from page* 195) geles, and which he has believed "to the foot of the letter." Stories of deportation have been distorted, magnified, published and copied. When the stories are investigated there is usually nothing at the end but thin air. I know, because I have worn out some shoe leather and more patience trying to investigate some of them. There are always some unfortunate circumstances in the enforcement of any unpleasant law, and deportation proceedings are not calculated to create goodwill. Border officials did not make the law; and it is my conviction that if they deviate from its strict provisions they do so on the side of mercy rather than of severity.

In the third place, Vicente is going home, drawn by the land hunger in his heart. After the Civil War there existed a firm conviction that "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm." Each ex-slave was to have five acres and a mule. Just so, in this movement, Vicente is sure that a kind government is waiting to make him a land-owner, and to stake him to a start. Mexico, in view of her problems, the poverty of her national treasury, and her perplexities, will find it hard to care for fifty or sixty thousand repatriated citizens a year.

More than all else, of course, we are concerned with the social issues involved in this great movement of Mexican people back to their native heath.

In the first place there will inevitably come a period of stark want. As I think of that string of cars in Juarez, all moving southward over a single road, I am ready to prophesy that in two months Chihuahua will be swamped by people whose cars have broken down. Prices will soar, and hunger will stalk the streets. It will be like a gold rush without the gold. Letters are already coming back to El Paso saying, "We wish we had never come!" It is being hinted that because the repatriated people have lived in the United States, there exists an idea they are rich. So they are being charged so much that their money is soon gone. There is already need along the Border and hunger in Mexico; and unless the government accomplishes the miraculous in caring for this great horde of people, conditions will be even worse.

AS a brighter side to the picture, the restrictions on Mexican immigration and the return movement are both operating to solidify the Mexican colonies remaining in this country. People are having to choose between the homeland and the adopted country; often between the homeland and their children, who have never known anything but this country and who refuse to leave. Already there has been a marked acceleration in petitions for citizenship. With the reduction in the amount of available labor, the return of better times will see employers paying better wages, and making greater efforts to keep their workers employed throughout the year, thus reducing the evils of the migratory system.

For another thing may be noted the efforts the Mexican people are now making to care for themselves. Always a Mexican family will divide its last *tortilla* with a less fortunate family. But this generosity has been indiscriminate, unorganized. Up to this time, well articulated charity has been for the Mexicans, not of them. Now the colonies are beginning to systematize their efforts for relief. Early in February, the Mexican consul in Los Angeles, Rafael de la Colina, called together some of the Mexican artists, moving picture people and business men, and organized the Comité De Beneficencia Mexicana. During the first month the committee raised $4000 among Mexicans for Mexicans, and well devised plans have been worked out for raising larger sums. Sixty per cent of the money raised goes for relief, forty per cent for repatriation. This development of an *esprit de corps* is a hopeful sign.

But while we are discussing what this movement will do to the Mexicans, it might not be out of place to consider what it will do to us. Belvedere district in Los Angeles now counts rows of empty houses on most of which money is still owed to banks. The owners have abandoned everything and gone home. At the present rate, between fifty and sixty thousand consumers are being removed from our markets in twelve months, and that at a time when we find it hard to sell what we produce. And when the cycle of depression is past, and the fields now fallow are again green, who will thin the beets, chop the lettuce,

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pack the oranges and pick the cotton? There will again come a time when there will be work "no white man will do."

During the past decade and a half, Vicente has patiently, gladly, even sacrificially given his best in the development of the Southwest. As always happens with the common laborer, he has put much in, and taken little out. Cities have been built, railroads have pierced new territory, deserts have blossomed because Vicente has been willing to put his back into them. He has harvested the bulk of California's two hundred crops, he has tamped the ties on every mile of railroad, and as Ernest Galarza says, "he has poured his sweat into every cubic yard of concrete." Now, because there has come an industrial depression, he is being kicked out, and his job is being taken away from him that it may be given to some "American" who has just trekked into the Southwest in a second-hand car propelled from place to place by charity gasoline. I for one do not blame Vicente for going home. He has not had a square deal. During these years, he has set his roots down deep into our social and economic soil; and it is a serious thing for him to be uprooted.

My mind goes back again and again to the man who talked to me by the side of his Model T in Juárez. I can still see the household goods, and the four little girls a-top the load are still laughing in my face. Are they through the customs and on their way? They had an extra can of gasoline, but did they remember that sandy roads take much more fuel than pavements? Has one of the tires burst in the hot sand? Will the *tortillas* last till Chihuahua?

And what will Vicente do when he gets there? A man cannot live in a country thirteen years, share in her social and economic life, beget his children under her flag, and send them to her schools, without something happening to him. Will that something fit Chihuahua?

As you cross the bridge into Juárez you see a great new sign, ¡BIEN VENIDOS TODOS!—Mexico's welcome to her returning sons who have seen their muscle changed by the alchemy of trade into gold, and have then been turned out. As the cycle of business swings upward in this country, the time will come when we shall want to hang that sign on the north end of the other bridge. And I cannot help feeling that there will be a day when Vicente's eyes will see it, and his heart will be glad.

MEXICANS NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE

(*Continued from page* 140)

discarded in repairing box-cars, or other refuse of American economic life. Generally this is but a way-station to something better. I recall one house which told plainly the story of its builder's aspirations. The first floor was patched together almost entirely of short pieces of wood from what had been packing boxes; the exterior of the second room, added later, was of drop-siding; the third room, under construction, was of stucco. When the housing of immigrant Mexicans rises to the level of that of resident American wage-earners it of course attracts less attention. As a whole, the approximation of this standard proceeds very slowly, for reasons of poverty and of difference in cultural aims. But notable improvements in individual cases and even in whole communities are significant.

Where housing is provided by employers it bears an occupational stamp. The converted box-cars which shelter railway extra-gangs, tell their own tale; so too the dismounted box-car, which is being replaced along the right of way in the Southwest by rectangular concrete or hollow tile houses which accommodate several families, each allotted two rooms. On the plantation farms of south Texas the broad fields which comprise the landscape are interrupted occasionally by groups of two-room rough lumber houses, often row upon row, one like the other, twenty, thirty, sixty of them.

In the industrial centers of the Middlewest and East, the Mexicans live where the immigrants from Europe lived before them, or still live with them. Accommodations range from basement to attic, from the poorer brick tenements and backyards of the near West Side of Chicago, to rows of frame houses whose roofs cut across the vision like saw-teeth, and on to the neat brick, single-family dwellings to which the more fortunate workers of all nationalities may attain in Gary or Indiana Harbor. Their housing reflects (*Continued on page* 200)

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To the South of Us

AFTER the foregoing articles, particularly that of D. H. Lawrence, it seems superfluous to bespeak a visit to our Southwest, or the source of our "Mexican states." But the writer picked up some illuminating tidbits in thumbing through James T. Nichols' little volume on The New South and Old Mexico (Nichols Book and Travel Company, Des Moines). For instance, he has a ready answer to the question of why the difference in the development of the United States and Mexico; which is that one was settled for God and the other for gold. And in the march of progress, one can't help wondering whether each may wind up where the other began! (substituting, in strictly modern terms, *humanity* for *God*).

But he gives intimate pictures of Mexico, the land of flowers. There is Mexico City, with its floating gardens, its many markets, more especially the Thieves Market, where every item, from the smallest to the largest, was stolen; its interesting government-run institution, the National Pawn Shop, housing a grand collection of things, sold if not redeemed within thirty days, and marked down every thirty days until sold. Monterrey, the Pittsburgh of Mexico, with its steel works and well known Saddle Mountain. Tampico, one of the greatest oil ports. The historic city of Queretaro, where Maximilian was executed, and the scene of the fine Santa Rosa church.

One could go on and on, if space held out. You would have to visit several continents to get what you got in this one country—the whole scroll of civilization—past and present.

In the Caribbean

THE success of its annual seminar in Mexico, now in its sixth year, led the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, to hold a Caribbean seminar this winter afloat on a Cunarder, to be followed in 1933 by a similar trip to South America. The fifty-eight members of the Caribbean party had a strenuous and stimulating time of it, what with four or five hours daily of lectures and discussion and visits ashore. Jacob Billikopf, director of the Federation of Jewish Charities of Philadelphia, writes us: "We felt that we had been to school, that we had worked hard, that we had our prejudices rudely and wholesomely assaulted; we had been introduced to peoples of whom we knew little in so vivid and stirring a fashion that never again would the Haitians and the Dominicans and the Porto Ricans fade away into that borderland of the unknown. We returned with no delusions as to the exactness or the scope of our knowledge, but the important point is that we had had our *introduction* to the peoples of the Caribbean, and were eager to journey further.

"The Seminar, through contact with the national leaders in each of the countries, helped us to personal appreciation. We learned to think of Porto Rico in terms of Chardon and Padin; of the Dominicans in terms of the venerable Rector of the University, Henriques y Carvajal; of the Haitians in terms of President Vincent and the Leger brothers and Edmond Lespinasse; of the Cubans in terms of some of their patriots who will be safer if their names are not printed.

"The experiences brought us up sharply to the questioning of our own national policy in the Caribbean. We learned a new unwillingness either to defend or condemn the actions of our government *in toto*. We reread together black chapters in

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our relations to Haiti and Santo Domingo and Cuba and Porto Rico. We found brighter chapters in the writing, and took pleasure in the vigorous and intelligent devotion of Theodore Roosevelt to the interests of the people of Porto Rico; the increasingly intelligent representation of the United States as typified by Minister Dana Munro in Haiti and Ambassador Guggenheim in Cuba."

Oberlaender Trust

MANY of our readers have a special stake in the recently announced Oberlaender Trust: a project which aims to spread interest among Americans in the endeavors of German-speaking countries in the arts and social sciences, and vice versa. The means of accomplishing this end will be by sending key people in the various fields to observe how that work is carried on across the sea. Applicants will be considered not only on the basis of their experience and what they have done, but on the opportunity they possess of making their findings known to the general public. Newspaper people, social service workers, teachers, preachers and the like are especially eligible. The Trust was created by Gustave A. Oberlaender, a retired business man, at one time connected with the Berkshire Knitting Mills of Reading, and president of the National Association of Hosiery and Underwear Manufacturers; and has been contributed to the Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation, but will be administered by a separate board of trustees, among them Dr. Haven Emerson, associate editor of Survey Graphic. It has been admirably conceived also in the fact that the entire principal of $1,000,000 and interest are to be expended within twenty-five years. For further information address Wilbur K. Thomas, 225 South 15 Street, Philadelphia.

Vacation Hints

IF YOU would "prepare" for peace, there are two Institutes of International Relations to be held by the American Friends Service Committee (225 South 15 Street, Phila.) at Haverford College, Haverford, Pa.—June 8-20 and June 22-July 3.

ARTHUR C. WATKINS, director of the National Student Forum on the Paris Pact (532—17 Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.) is on the lookout for highschool boys and girls to join their International Relations Observation Tour.

THE AMEROP TRAVEL SERVICE (132 N. La Salle Street, Chicago) is conducting an eight weeks' trip, sponsored by the Chicago Medical Society, visiting many of the leading medical centers of Europe and the Dresden exhibits of the International Hygiene Congress of last year.

UPTON CLOSE (112 East 19 Street, New York) announces an exceptionally attractive tour to Japan and China (June 24 to September 3), a special feature of which is the Rittenberg Summer School of Painting.

THE ENGLISH FOLK DANCE SOCIETY (Susan H. Gilman, 159 East 33 Street, New York) will hold a two weeks school at Amherst, Mass., in August.

THE ENGLISH SPEAKING UNION (37 Charles Street, London, W. 1) will give information to stage aspirants about the British Drama League's Vacation School, July 29-August 12.

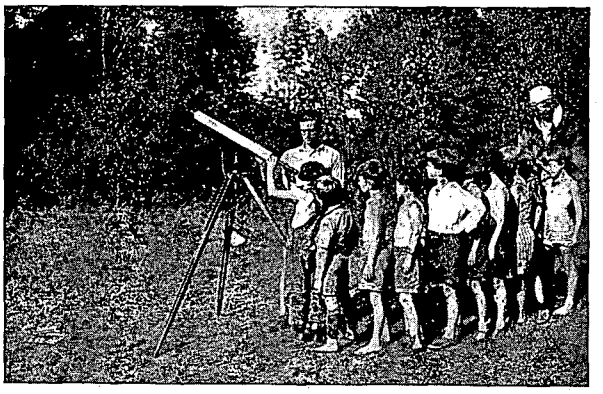
OLYMPIA, BRADFORD, will be the scene of an Imperial Wool Fair, May 8-23.

INTERNATIONAL Town Planning and Housing, German Building, and Garage exhibitions, May 9-August 2, Berlin.

INTERNATIONAL Conference on African Children, June 22-25, Geneva.

SECOND World Conference of Workers for Crippled Children, week of June 28, at The Hague.

TRIENNIAL Congress of the Labor and Socialist International, July 25-August 1, Vienna.



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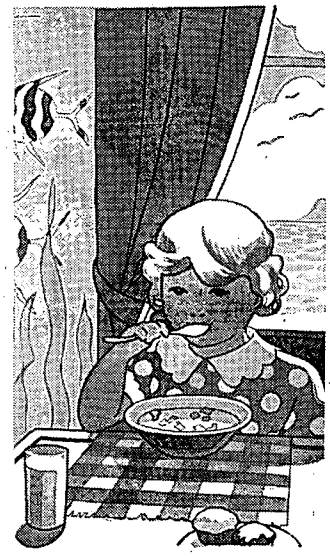

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American and European Plans

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
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(*Continued from page* 197) the position the Mexicans themselves hold among the other immigrants in northern industry; it is less distinctive and less isolated than that which, as members of *la raza*, they occupy in the Southwest.

THE rapid influx of a large laboring class, migratory, prolific, with primitive standards of living, different in race and culture, is bound to disturb the social equilibrium. Whether this disturbance raises "problems" depends upon one's point of view.

Take for instance the schooling of rural Mexican children. Is their non-attendance a problem? The farmers want their labor, the parents their children's earnings, it costs money and effort to put them into school, and causes a lot of disturbance after they get there. If you think Mexican children should have the pressure of the American state behind their education, it is a "problem." If you do not, their non-attendance may mitigate local difficulties in getting the kind of farm labor you have a hard time finding anyone else to do. Said an Imperial Valley farm manager:

> If they were miserable or unhappy, I would say, "All right, Mr. Educator, do your damndest." But the Mexicans are a happy people, happier than we are; they don't want responsibility, they want just to float along, sing songs, smoke cigarettes. Education doesn't make them any happier; most of them continue the same sort of work at the same wages as if they had never attended school. It only makes them dissatisfied, and teaches them to read the wrong kind of literature (I.W.W.) and listen to the wrong kind of talk.

In the cotton belt of Texas, and the sugar-beet fields of the North, non-attendance generally is not treated as a problem; in California and in cities elsewhere, it is and Mexican children are generally checked up, and, if need be, compelled to go to school.

If Mexican children do go to school, Americans of almost all points of view see their presence as a "problem." Differences of language, culture, class, race, standards of cleanliness, rates of educational progress between the children of the Mexican laborer and those of the American farmer or townsman raise difficulties. Shall their children be educated in the same schools, or shall they be separated? If separated, shall the separation continue through four grades, eight grades, or twelve? American communities answer these questions in the light of educational and hygienic considerations, financial and administrative expediency, and racial feeling. With such a diversity of viewpoints, the resulting situations are varied as can be imagined. They range from separation through the first grade to separation through highschool; from excellent school buildings and teaching staffs to inadequate shacks inadequately equipped and staffed; while the local American schools may be operated with the aid of state money allotted to the district because of the numerical count of its Mexican children. Sometimes no school at all is provided for the Mexicans. On the other hand, notably in larger cities and in rural communities under the adult education system of California, men and women as well as children are reached by classes which are genuinely appreciated.[1]

Again, there is politics. Very few Mexican immigrants naturalize, but many men and women of Mexican blood amongst us were born in the United States and are citizens. At one extreme is political debauchery—Mexicans used as tools of American politicians—witness the elections of 1928 in Hidalgo County, Texas. At the other is Dimmit County in the same state which, to end purchase of Mexican votes by Americans, established a "white man's primary" in the name of "civic righteousness," and thus effectively eliminated the Mexican vote.

Then there are questions of social equality and race, delicate but insistent. The 1921 census of Mexico classified its population as 9.8 per cent white, 59.3 per cent *mestizo*, 29.2 per cent Indian. The great bulk of Mexican immigrants come from the *mestizo* and Indian groups, particularly *mestizos* in whom the Indian strain predominates. There are generally sufficient social and economic grounds to explain the slow educational progress of the children of Mexican *peones* without resort to the theory of race inferiority. There are many individual in-

[1] Yet the assembly of California has just passed and sent to the senate a bill permitting racial segregation of Mexican children who are of Indian blood. P. S. T. April 9, 1931.

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stances of excellent educational progress among them. Not infrequently Mexican young people of working-class parentage and largely Indian ancestry, have made brilliant records in highschools and even colleges, at times ranking as valedictorians of their classes.

That many Americans in 1931 think in terms of race superiority and inferiority is itself, however, a fact of profound significance to the social and economic status of Mexicans in the United States who are of Indian or Indo-European origin. This attitude is exhibited in its cruder forms by signs in the windows of restaurants, billiard parlors and the like, reading, "White trade only," *"Se sirve solamente a raza blanca," "Este baño solamente para americanos."* The bald statement is often made in conversations that the Mexican laborers are an "inferior race," and therefore to be separated in school, in domicile, at the soda fountain, in social affairs, and in buses (but not on trains and street cars). There is the hazing and taunting in the public schools. Later on the race line occasionally bars job promotion; the shade of brown on the cheek may determine whether a man is employed in an industrial establishment, or whether a girl is accepted as a clerk or stenographer.

The Mexicans who come to the United States are hospitable and courteous. Often they possess personal charm and magnetism. Even the *peones* are sensitive to the social ostracism to which they are subjected. They may shrink in suffering like the proud old Texas *vaquero* who said to me: *"Distinción?* I feel just like if they stick me through to the other side. *Si, senorito,* we are Christians, too; we are sons of God!" Or, but rarely in the presence of Americans, they may burst out like a young Mexican machinist in the San Joaquin Valley of California: "The white race must be brought to its knees." For the most part, however, the Mexicans keep to themselves the more because of ostracism, instead of hurling themselves in defiance against it.

THE coming of the Mexicans has provided the Southwest—Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California—and those portions of the Middlewest and North which raise sugar beets, with an agricultural proletariat. The vast majority are laborers, not hired men who are going to become tenants and owners. California and Texas farmers are strongly anti-Japanese, because the Japanese, with lower standards of living and working their women and children were ambitious to lease or purchase land and become competitors. Those same farmers are not bothered because Mexican laborers have a low standard of living and work their women and children; rather the reverse; they use them and feel safe. As the wife of one farmer put it: "There is no danger from the Mexicans. They won't save enough to buy land."

The Mexican has at times been used as a strike-breaker and not alone in agriculture. Less well known, is his role as striker. He went out from the coal mines of Colorado with the I.W.W. in 1927. In Imperial Valley in the spring of 1928 he formed a union of his own. In quaint language he appealed to the Chambers of Commerce for aid in establishing higher rates for cantaloupe picking:

> In accordance with the bad occasions we've had the past years, it makes us necessary of a better understanding of our business among the Mexican people residing as strangers in the United States. We want to keep on cooperating with our hand of labor, but we claim a more liberal wages, enough to cover our most urgent necessities of the actual situations, and we hereby propose to you gentlemen the points of our wishes.
>
> During the year we scarcely work 185 days, of which we acquire the sum of $555.00 in which we couldn't meet our expenses of alimentation, clothing, house rent, medicine, automobile, and other small exigents. . . .
>
> As you understand, with this amount above stated, we live in the most unhonorable and miserable way, in our concept. . . .

The refusal of some Mexicans to work for less than the union rates was met by a semi-hysterical outbreak from the sheriff. No strike of any extent occurred; most of the demands were granted by the growers; the Mexicans were aroused, and a union organization was launched. In 1930 the Mexicans of Imperial Valley again participated in a strike movement in which Communist leaders sought (*Continued on page* 202)

that maddening tolerance of

Mrs. Torrento

You call her attention to the kitchen floor—to the mussy linens and the children's grimy clothes. Complaisantly, she nods. Things are dirty, yes—but it doesn't bother her.

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(*Continued from page* 201) to play a leading role until they were arrested, and several of them convicted under the California criminal syndicalism law.

In Colorado in 1928 a beet workers' union was formed which has spread into other areas. A Mexican editor hailed its advent with none of the courteous tones used in Imperial Valley:

> Some ranchers, individuals without morals and with the sentiments of dogs, only see in a Mexican a beast; they treat him as such, giving him wretched scraps to live on; miserable shacks much, much worse than the stables they have for their plow horses, fat hogs, and milking cows. . . . Although they live in a free country they are nothing but regular slave-drivers who see nothing in a Mexican but a beast of burden or even less than that.

The "docility" of Mexican laborers, so frequently extolled by employers who seem to have believed them racially strike-proof, is not to be taken too literally.

The migration from south of the Rio Grande is predominantly rural; the Mexican laborers live on the whole, as a class apart, maintaining a separate domicile and culture. Many factors serve to maintain the class and culture line and to prevent those contacts which might break it down. The coincidence of class, racial and cultural differences combine to maintain a social ostracism, which in turn reinforces and stabilizes the differences upon which it is based. The earlier immigration of impoverished Europeans who congregated in colonies in our large cities, was also largely a labor-class movement. The Mexican migration differs in that its distribution is largely rural, and in that it involves strong consciousness of racial difference. Both these differences accentuate the domiciliary and social isolation of the Mexicans. They delay the *rapprochement* of the two cultures (or the disappearance of one), and retard the blurring of the class line.

American employers of Mexicans have welcomed them as laborers, and done all possible to obtain their admission as immigrants. They have often cared well for their needs. Yet very often they have been but slightly sensitive to low and irregular earnings, child labor with inferior schooling, and social discriminations to which the Mexicans have been subjected in their communities. Some employers have made genuine and effective efforts to meet the situation. In Colorado, for example, business men's service clubs took steps to secure the removal of discriminatory signs from the windows. Some employers, however, have contented themselves with the defense that whatever the conditions among Mexicans here, many of them are materially better off than they were in Mexico. Others have shared the view of a southwestern onion grower:

> Perhaps I'm talking to the wrong man; if you are from the North you won't understand. The Mexican is getting paid about four bits too much. He should get about $1 a day. . . . What a Mexican should be paid is just enough to live on, with maybe a dollar or two to spend. That's all he deserves. If he is paid any more he won't work so much or when we need him; he's able to wait around until we have to raise the price above what's legitimate.

The non-employing groups in the American community have often treated the Mexicans with less consideration than their direct employers. At best, their welcome has generally been as laborers, rather than as people.

THE Mexican immigrant is usually conscious of his role in the United States, but seldom faces the probability that his migration is more permanent than he had intended. The expected return to Mexico continues to recede into the future while ties to the United States become stronger.

Revolution, poverty, and the lure of economic opportunity were common factors behind the emigration. "We left Mexico," said a Mexican in the offices of the Immigrants' Protective League of Chicago, "when things got pretty bad over there, and it was very hard to get something to eat regularly. We had heard, too, that in six months we would be able to buy a car and have a piano for my little girl who likes music." The vision of wealth often turns out to be a mirage, as it did in this case. Discouragement, sentiment, resentment against the discriminations and a passionate patriotism, all urge return to Mexico. "Mexicans," began an orator addressing his compatriots gathered at Hull-House in 1928, "we are but the children of Israel who are pass- (*Continued on page* 205)

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(*Continued from page* 202) ing through our Egypt here in the United States, doing the onerous labors, swallowing our pride, bracing up under the indignities heaped upon us here."

Other attractions to residence in the United States are discovered. We were told, for example, that although it often is disliked by the men, "the women find out the freedom of the United States is pretty good for them." For the children there are schools and social agencies. "I like the United States," said a Mexican mother in Chicago. "If my babies are sick the Welfare takes care of them. I can go to the dispensary. The nurses and doctor come, and when there is no money we don't pay. It is better than in Mexico." Even the sting of discrimination is forgotten in the presence of friendliness and help:

> We heard of this Hull-House even as far as South Chicago, and they speak of it in the railroad camps outside the city. We remember those things more than the taunts of ignorant Americans. . . .

But it is the young people whose attachments to the United States become the strongest anchors against return. The movement to establish Mexican schools where Mexican culture and patriotism can be inculcated is a conscious effort to resist "de-Mexicanization" of the children, who, their parents sometimes remark regretfully, learn of Washington and Lincoln instead of Hidalgo and Benito Juarez, and say "father" instead of *"mi padre."* But very few Mexicans realize until it is too late that their bonds to the mother country have become tenuous, while at the same time they have failed to establish close cultural contacts with Americans. Fleeing as they so many of them did from ferment and poverty, they have obtained greater security and material benefit at the price of cutting themselves off from the cultural renaissance of their own people at home. Meanwhile they occupy in the United States a role of isolation often stigmatized with inferiority.

THE epoch of Mexican mass migration to the United States is now closed. As a result of increasing political pressure for quota limitation and the desire of the Department of State to forestall such statutes which might be regarded by Latin-American countries as discriminatory, the federal government has diminished the flow of Mexican immigrants to a trickle. Without legislation, but by more stringent enforcement of old legal provisions barring the admission of illiterates, of alien contract laborers, and of persons liable to become public charges, the issuance of immigration visas to natives of Mexico by consular offices has been cut from a monthly average of 4848 for the fiscal year 1927-28 to only 281 for the seven months ending January 31, 1931. The Department of Labor at the same time has effectively increased its efforts to return to Mexico persons illegally in the United States and to strengthen its defenses against surreptitious entry.

The uprooting and return to Mexico of persons already in the United States naturally causes personal hardship which is of course not mitigated by any legal flaws in the right to be here. Therefore it has aroused protests both from Americans (usually employers concerned primarily over the loss of laborers) and from Mexicans, who charge that the immigration officers "persecute systematically with exasperating passion," and by their methods of enforcement themselves "violate the same immigration laws." It is fairly apparent that the hardships now visited on Mexicans are in considerable measure due to the present efforts of officials, stimulated both by the imminence of quota legislation and by widespread unemployment, to undo the effects of previous weak enforcement of the immigration laws.

The economic depression in the United States has in turn caused the return to Mexico of many immigrants, just as it did in 1921. It will be recalled that when business picked up in 1922 and 1923 a new tide set in. Following this depression, however, thousands whose right hitherto to be in the United States rested upon an entry of dubious legality or clear illegality, or whose period of permitted absence from the country will have been overstayed in Mexico, will be unable to qualify for return to the United States under the new standards of law enforcement.

We may well recognize, therefore, the end of the tidal wave of immigration across our southern border. But we need not expect the Mexican population in this country to melt like the snow, as some have thought. The net balance of repatriations to Mexico of 45,000 in 1930 reported by the Department of State upon advices from Mexican sources is much less than a similar balance of 97,000 in 1921. Even if year after year such a balance should be maintained, and assuming neither births nor deaths among the Mexicans in the United States, it would require a quarter of a century (and how much longer we shall know only when the 1930 census is published) to return our Mexican population to Mexico. No such exodus is probable. The representatives of our two cultures will remain in juxtaposition in large and widespread areas of the United States, with contacts of varying types and degrees of intensity. The stamp of the Mexican migration will be visible for generations.

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